THE SCOURGE

SEPTEMBER 1, 1812.

CONTENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, see back.

THE EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS ... 175
Royal proclamation ... 176
Love and pleasure ... 177
The Empress of the Nairs ... 178
Her benignity ... 179

SHOPS, WAREHOUSES, and DEPOTS ... 180
Mercantile transformation ... 181

THE HONEY MOON ... 182
Female education ... 183

ADULTERY IN HIGH LIFE.
Fashionable faux pas ... 184
A detection ... 185
Piccadilly exploits ... 186
The Tarquins ... 187

LONDON AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS ... 188
Modern manners ... 189
Compared with ancient ... 190
London ... 191

THE REVIEWER.—No XV.
The Letters of Junius, a new edition, by William Woodfall.—The Letter of Junius to the Prince Regent, extracted from the Independent Whig ... 192
The real Junius ... 193
Mr. Hamilton's Pretensions ... 194
Young, Dyer, &c. ... 195
Marquis of Lansdowne ... 196
Mr. Woodfall's plates ... 197

MODERN FEMALE EDUCATION.
The contrast ... 198
Boarding school education ... 199
Polished conversation ... 200
A discovery ... 201

ON THE FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.—To His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. . 202
On the conduct of princes ... 203
Distinction between honesty and malice ... 204
The Morning Post ... 205
Epithets applied to the Prince .. 206

THE WHIPS, No. VIII.
Intrigues at ——— ... 207
Lord ———'s gallantry ... 208
Captain S——— ... 209

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER. No. XI. ... 210
Battle of Salamanca ... 211
Ministerial papers ... 212
The Bourbons ... 213
Campaign in Russia ... 214

THE CONTRAST; or, FASHION AND VIRTUE ... 215
Frivolity, and domestic affection 216
Auctions and prayers ... 217
Tom Moore and Parson Spintext 218
Crim. con. and poverty in distress 219
Maternal insensibility ... 220
Nursing—a prison ... 221
Danger—a bill ... 222
Elopement and Marriage ... 223

A TURKISH TALE.—To my friend Miss ——— ... 224
Vixen's pranks ... 225
Adam's speech ... 226
The serpent's wisdom ... 227
Vixen in paradise ... 228
A description ... 229
Vixen's intrigues ... 230
Her sacrilege ... 231
The tree of life ... 232
Eve in a pet ... 233

THE HYPERCRITIC, No. VIII.
The Critical Review ... 34
Mr. Frend's politics ... 235
His Cambridge exploits ... 236
Prince and Fellowes ... 237
Elegance of Reviewers ... 238

SIR WILFRED L———.
Indian intrigues ... 240
Sir Gilbert Stuart ... 241
Meredith's person ... 242

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.
Poetical competition ... 244
Managerial taste ... 245

HENRY HUNT v. HENRY LEIGH HUNT.
Bristol Hunt ... 247
Leigh Hunt's self-biography ... 248
His waggery ... 249

FORUM PATRIOTS.
Pretended Patriots ... 250
White and Cobbett ... 251
Progress of a patriot ... 252

VACCINATION.

THEATRICAL REVIEW ... 255

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Causidicus shall meet with attention.

Inquisitor is informed that the medicine of which we commended the efficacy, and which we concluded from our analysis to contain no mercury, was Swainson's Velno's Vegetable Syrup.

We shall take particular notice of the Drury-lane address the month after its delivery.

In reply to our Sunderland correspondent, we beg leave to observe, that there are two systems of penmanship, the one invented by Mr. M——, and the other by Mr. Carstairs. Though Mr. Carstairs teaches both, it is on the last of these alone, which we are of opinion is decidedly superior to the other, that he rests his claim to the title of an inventor.

We have received a letter from a friend of Mr. Lancaster, in which he states the comparative expence of two schools established on the system of Bell and Lancaster at 720l. and 125l. His statement, however, gives 470l. more for bibles and books than is actually expended on the former system. Such an error must have been wilful.

We shall resume our strictures on the Pulpit, at the recommencement of the season. At present the *fashionable preachers* are *amusing* themselves at the watering places.

The reports respecting the interview between Lord E. and the P—— of W——, it would be dangerous to repeat; and the assertion of the Examiner, respecting her mother-in-law, we utterly disbelieve.

Our Albany correspondent is pleased to be very severe on Mr. Perry's countenance. Perhaps he has reason to remember it.

The examination of "Rich and Poor," is unavoidably postponed to our next number.

"Memoirs of an Irish Earl," came too late for insertion, but shall appear in our next.

"Sir George Chalmers, Knight of the Leaden Mace," is under consideration.

THE

SCOURGE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1812.

THE EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS.

Sir,

Your verses in celebration of the "Empire of the Nairs," have received the enthusiastic approbation of the individuals whose exploits it celebrates, and whose manners it pourtrays. The court of love has unanimously chosen you for its laureat, and the fair inhabitants of the European Calicut have determined that he who can paint so well the delights of unrestricted intercourse, is worthy to possess the joys that he describes. Whether this information may lead you to scrutinize in person the present manners of the newly-created dynasty, or like other poets, you love to indulge in the description of scenes, which you are unqualified by nature or education to enjoy, will be determined by your acceptance of the appointment. In the mean time, for want of a regular laureat, Mr. Anacreon Moore exercises the treble profession of writer, singer, and composer. With his assistance we are all gaiety, festivity, and spirit; Lady D—r is fast recovering from her consumption, while her husband, under the task-work of an opera singer, is contentedly gliding to the grave; Lady A—— takes a double quantity of cherry bounce since the accession of her new inamorato, and that paragon of Nairesses, the Marchioness of A. declares that since three lovers were allowed her, she has

felt herself much more comfortable than when confined to her husband and his valet.

No sooner was it announced that the court had resolved to adopt the system of the Nairs, and that the coronation of the Empress would take place in the Chapel Royal, than the most strenuous exertions were employed by the favourites of fashion to obtain a place in the splendid concourse that might be admitted to the honour of witnessing the immersion of the empress.

Having been among the number of the fortunate competitors, I have transmitted a sketch of the ceremony, and a verbal description would therefore be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that to the Marchioness was committed the empire of Love, and that her coronation was immediately succeeded by the following proclamation:

Calicut the New.

"In the name of the most high and potent ———, empress of the Nairs, the delight of princes, and the luminary of love, and by the advice of her council: Whereas it has been represented unto us that much inconvenience hath arisen from the too strict and rigid observance of those ancient usages and statutes by which the wife is confined to the *conversation* and society of her husband, and adultery is visited with the pains and penalties of law; and whereas, in our royal estimation, it is expedient that our loving subjects should be emancipated from the shackles of ancient prejudice and superstition, and enabled in all things to conform to their own pleasure and convenience: We do hereby, of our own gracious purpose declare and command, that from and after the 23d of August, 1812, every female whose titles have been duly registered in the College at Arms, or who can produce a rent-roll of two thousand a year, or who is able to prove her legitimate or illegitimate descent from any prince or princess of the royal blood, shall be authorised and enabled to chuse as many lovers as she pleases, and to sport, play, or exercise herself in their company at what

seasons, and on what occasions she might think fit; without any let or hindrance from her husband, or from any other of our loving subjects.

"2. And whereas it has been customary for many misguided women to refuse the admission to public assemblies, of certain females, on the absurd and ridiculous pretence that they had violated their matrimonial duties, and were accustomed to the indiscreet indulgence of their passions: be it also declared, that for the reasons above mentioned the conformity of our loving subjects to the laws of nature is the most gratifying evidence of their obedience and attachment to ourselves; that freedom of manners, and the unrestrained exhibition of the person, are fundamental virtues in the code of morality, we have commanded our beloved cousin, Lord ———, to compile and exemplify; and that we do hereby command the aforesaid refractory and disobedient females to receive with due respect, and with becoming alacrity, the complaining parties, under pain of our royal and most just displeasure.

"3. It is hereby ordered also, that the loss of virginity shall not henceforward be regarded as any disgrace; that no husband shall be presumed to possess any other relation to his wife than that of a person responsible for her debts, and a convenient depository of her gambling secrets, and her amorous disappointments; that if any individual of exalted rank think it convenient to offer his protection to the wife of a simple nobleman, the husband shall on no account express the slightest indication of displeasure, but shall in all things conduct himself as a faithful man, and an obedient subject of the empress.

"4. Be it likewise ordered, that whereas of late years the illegitimate offspring of adulterous parents have been subjected to great and various indignities, and many inconsiderate and misguided persons have been found who presumed to declare that the children born in holy wedlock had certain claims of precedency over the offspring of casual intercourse; the said distinction shall be ab

lished; that the illegitimate children of persons of rank shall be received with the same respect as the offspring of the matrimonial contract, and be received with the same honour by our clergy and our judges. This order to extend in all its particulars to mistresses in preference to wives.

"5. It being always understood and hereby commanded that none of these orders shall be construed as extending to merchants who cannot assist the government by way of loan, or to any of the middle or lower classes of society: it being expedient for the benefit and advantage of the higher circles of our empire, that the laborious and insignificant individuals of the community should continue to pursue the humble and beaten path, by persevering in which, they have so long been enabled to pay their taxes, and provide for the luxuries of their patrons and superiors.

"Given at our palace in New Calicut, this 13th day of August, 1812."

It is impossible to contemplate even in distant perspective the scenes that are opened to our view by the destruction of the old and useless bugbears by which our ancestors and our parents were intimidated into imaginary virtue without the most lively emotions of veneration and gratitude.

In the first place the pangs of jealousy will no longer rend the hearts or distract the minds of the married part of the community. The possessors of handsome wives will sit down contented beneath the weight of cuckoldom, when they share the burden with their brethren in good fortune. The bowl and the dagger, those ancient resources of conjugal revenge, will be banished along with the feelings that led to their employment. Princes will disdain to have recourse to delicate investigations, and the Sir Arthurs, and the Lord Henrys, need no longer dread an action of crim. con. Gallant dukes may sleep in peace without danger of interruption from a murderous husband, and where the great uncle has been cast in

10,000l. damages, the nephew may pursue his course through the *great ocean* of vice with the most perfect impunity. Lord H. may associate with his equals without being reminded of his dishonor by every party to which he is drawn by the protector of his wife, and exalted individuals forsake their helpmates because they will not comply with all the amatory whims of their husbands, for an abandoned crew of parasites and harlots.

That inconvenient sense of impropriety, which so often deprived the proprietor of S—— of his expected visitors, and precluded the introduction of Ladies A——e and W—— to the first societies of the kingdom, may now be dispensed with. A Moira may sit down with a B——, and a Tavistock join in a party at whist with a Fitz —— without the mortification of sacrificing her estimation with her friends to her duty towards her sovereign. The bastards of a J—— may out-elbow the daughters of the Bishop of Bristol, without inflicting any degradation on the church, and a B—— beat time on the *tergum* of a British prince, without violating the respect that is due to hereditary virtue.

How many happy mothers this proclamation may restore to the opinion, demonstration, and enjoyment of maternal feeling; how many foundling hospitals it may clear of its inhabitants; or how many virgins it may transform into prolific mothers, I shall not presume to conjecture. That it will convert palaces into nunneries, and *Taylors* into the favorites of princesses, may be prophesied, however, without any hazard of future disappointment; and had a similar revolution taken place in a former age, it would, in all probability, have been difficult to determine whether Mary or Elizabeth had a stronger claim to the possession of virginity.

P.

SHOPS, WAREHOUSES, AND DEPOTS.

Sir,

Though in some of your late essays you have affected to deny the progressive advancement of national prosperity and opulence, and the manufacturers of the disturbed counties have declared the present times to be unparalleled in the history of commercial distresses, the scenes that daily occur to my observation in this great metropolis, have irresistibly impressed me with a conviction that these gloomy representations are the result of superficial observation, or the indication only of local suffering. When we contemplate the number and magnitude of the buildings that have lately been added to this already enormous mass of habitable dwellings, the splendour of the innumerable equipages that endanger the safety and excite the envy of the pedestrian, the buckism of our cits, and the diamond brilliants of our amateur Romeos, as forcibly demonstrate the augmentation of national wealth as the expansion of the national character. Our shopkeepers (I beg pardon, our *merchants*) exhibit an aptitude for all the luxuries and elegancies of life, that would in former times have been thought inconsistent with attention to business; every taylor sports his villa, and every pettyfogging lawyer starts his equipage.

But as certain a criterion of national prosperity may be drawn from the change in the language, as from the revolutions in the manners and habits of the community. About fifty years ago we were content to be regarded as a nation of shopkeepers; and our simple tradesmen were glad to earn the just rewards of labour and frugality, in a plain way, and with an humble but honest reputation. But at the present day all our shopkeepers are merchants, all our tradesmen esquires, and all our agents negociators. A shop is rarely to be seen; marts and

repositories usurp the place of book-stalls and coal-sheds, and the proprietor of every petty apartment fronting the street is possessed of a warehouse.

Having been long engaged in the trade to America, the repeal of the Orders in Council induced me, as you may easily conceive, to look about me in search of a profitable speculation. My correspondent had requested a supply of shoes, and having no regular connection in that article, I resolved to be guided by lowness of price, and facility of purchase. I had frequently been struck on my perambulations round the city with the dashing appearance of what, in humble language, would have been called, a " shoemaker's shop," but had been christened by its owner, and proclaimed in letters large and long a " *shoe-depôt.*" A shop or a warehouse might be soon exhausted, but who could doubt that a " shoe-*depôt*" would provide me with as abundant a cargo as might be necessary. I hastened to the place with all imaginable expedition, but found to my great surprize, that the whole stock of its proprietor amounted to a pair of pumps, a dozen or two of second-hand shoes, and two pair and a half of patent boots.

In this manner, Sir, the proprietors of a wine-closet call it a wine-mart; a grocer becomes the proprietor of a coffee-mart; a dealer in paint and fillagree work cuts a figure in his repository, a joiner advertises his " Magazine of Furniture," and a shoe-maker establishes his manufactory. To make something out of nothing is the great characteristic of genius, and the first object of a commercial nation; and England may justly be denominated the depot of integrity, modesty, and bank-notes.

A. B.

[library stamp]

THE HONEY MOON.

SIR,

How common it is to see in the newspapers, after the notification of a marriage, "the happy couple set off for such a place to pass the honey-moon." That the *happiness* of the married state, humorously styled "the honey-moon," should be confined to so *short* a period, and even that, like the moon, subject to its fulness and its wane, must, on reflection, considerably check the ardour of those who from their earliest youth are taught to consider matrimony as the summit of human felicity. If short and sweet, how naturally follows the reverse, long and bitter!

Perhaps there is no one subject on which more wrong opinions and false conclusions are formed than on marriage; these are attributable in a great measure to the modes of male and female education.

Girls with us are generally brought up under great restraint, their natural inclinations, however innocent, are checked, and they are taught from infancy a system of hypocrisy and falsehood, or what is the same thing, to disguise their sentiments, and say no when they mean yes. They are taught to believe that they came into the world for no other purpose than to be married, or what is called settled in life, and that this should be the grand end of all their views; they are consequently initiated into every art that may set off their persons to advantage, and their accomplishments are mostly, if not all, of the exterior kind.

Boys, on the contrary, are too little restrained, and their passions are allowed to develope themselves, till they often become unmanageable, from the false fear of checking their spirit—their reading particularly, if brought up classically, is more calculated to fill their heads with romantic and visionary ideas of life, than to afford them just conceptions of it, and though too much encouraged in rudeness towards females in humble life, yet they are

induced to form of females in their own rank too exalted an idea; they are led to expect them to be angels instead of mere women, and the possession of them considered as an earthly paradise. Thus, little acquainted with either the moral or physical nature of each other, the sexes meet in wedlock to pass "the honey-moon." The lady obtains the grand end of her views, a husband, and the enraptured youth the possession of her whom he expects to find an angel.

For a *few* days, blinded by passion, they imagine they have attained the height of their wishes; but alas, repetition begets satiety, and the charm (wanting more lasting supports) is soon dissolved. The wife having obtained the end for which she took such pains to increase the allurements of her person, imagines, *now* the indissoluble knot is tied, that she may be negligent, and live under less restraint; hence she becomes untidy in her person, sits half the day with her night-cap on, her hair greased and in paper, and her face perhaps unwashed, her stockings down at heel, and her shoes slip-shod. The husband, who by this time has found his wife to be *only* a woman, and when even her increased exertion to keep up the charm would scarcely have succeeded, becomes disgusted with this *sudden* change, and *short* as is the revolution of the moon, the delusion hardly bears it out. How easily might all this have been avoided, if mothers and governesses had kept their fair charge under less restraint, had suffered the natural ingenuousness of the sex to expand under *proper* but *gentle* restrictions; had taught them that they had other duties to perform besides the ensnaring a lover and obtaining an husband; and if losing less time in their exterior adornings, they had thought of something within, and cultivated their mental qualities, their hapless victims might then have been enabled to retain the esteem and affection of their husbands—when love, founded on mere personal possession, had lost all its fancied enjoyment.

Young men too, if they had been taught to view things

in the sober tints of real life, and not in high and florid colouring, would find that all happiness is chequered here below, that if the married life has its delights and conveniences, it has also its contrary effects, and by knowing how to estimate women *as* they *are*, and not as a fanciful imagination paints them, they might perhaps feel *less* foolish extasy at first, but they would also feel less *serious* disappointment afterwards, and instead of a short month of joy, and years of sorrow, instead of its being announced that they were about to pass *only* the honey-moon, it might be foretold that they were going to pass *the rest* of their lives moderately, but solidly happy.

W. L.

ADULTERY IN HIGH LIFE.

SIR,

ONE of the greatest disadvantages attending a monarchy, whether absolute or limited, is that it is a continual source of corruption of morals. The many favours which the constitution of such a government puts it in the power of the monarch to bestow, attract to the court the needy, the servile, and the profligate: the rich, the gay, and the idle, who are ever prone to sensuality, tend thither as naturally as a rake does to a bagnio, while men of virtue and independent spirit, are repelled by a sense of dignity and conscious rectitude from the sphere of slavery and sensuality. Hence impudence, meanness, and prostitution, obtain the rewards of merit, and become the exclusive possessors of the favour of the monarch. Whoever doubts this may peruse what the sagacious Montesquieu has said upon the subject, or consult Richelieu's political testament. Both have allowed the depravity of courts; the former speaking of it with all the abhorrence of a man of virtue and honour, the latter with all the complacency and satisfaction of a Y—— or a B——.

But why do I travel into foreign countries, or appeal to the dead for proofs, when our present ministers and courtiers afford so many evidences to the truth of these positions. The nation has too frequently witnessed these vices and these debaucheries, to need any new arguments derived from ancient records. Yet where is the wonder when persons nearly related to the sovereign set them the example? They can now plead a precedent of the highest kind. The detection of the Duke of C. with Lady N. will be sufficient to keep inferior sinners in countenance. Every courtier is of himself inclined to commit the same slip, *cereus in vitium flecti.* Were I *honored* by an admission to the presence of the adulterer, I should utter the feelings of my heart in language similar to the following, but prompted by the occasion.

"I will not be so rude nor so uncourtly as to shock your polite ears by charging you on this occasion with the violation of a religion of which your rank and situation had pointed you out as the champion and the guardian. The selection of servile and profligate slaves to fulfil the office of chaplain to a prince, has been too frequently the just object of reprobation to demand any observation on my part: and the presence at court of a clergyman in a thread-bare coat would be as surprising as uncommon. Yet it may not be entirely useless to make some appeal to your paternal affection, and to impress you with a sense of the duty that you owe to an exalted individual, who ought to be as dear to you as life, if any thing but his pleasures can be dear to a profligate.

"What excuse can you give for dishonoring an individual by whom you have been hospitably entertained and caressed as a friend? You entered his house under the mask of personal attachment, in order like an insidious traitor to ruin with greater security the peace of his mind, and the happiness of his family. Like Lothario, you brought all his offspring under the imputation of being spurious. Imagine not that this circumstance will

be remembered to their honor. You are none of the heathen gods; you have that about you which would disgrace the blood of the thunderer. Nothing but the most depraved appetite or the most urgent want would have submitted to your embraces. Every man of spirit and sensibility must be pleased to hear with what supreme contempt the husband treated the vitiated taste of the prostitute, and all the world must laugh at the figure exhibited by a half enamoured half intoxicated duke, crouching beneath the bed that he had polluted.

"But your treachery to a friend is not your blackest nor your greatest crime. Your ingratitude to England, who has made for you such a liberal provision, is a still greater blot in your escutcheon. Do you think that she has given you an annual establishment for no other purpose than to enable you to debauch our virgins, to corrupt her matrons, and to sow the seeds of vice and immorality through the land? Believe me, she meant by this and other acts of liberality, to set you above every thing mean and vicious, and to inspire your mind with those noble and virtuous sentiments which can never exist but in a virtuous breast.

"You may perhaps imagine that such exploits are harmless frolics extremely suitable to your rank and age, and that they will be attended only by trivial inconveniences. You are mistaken. These are pranks of a different nature from those which you atchieved at Piccadilly with the drunken and lascivious H———. It is one thing to tie up an old woman to a knocker, with a smock over her head, and another to plant daggers in the breasts of his majesty's most valuable subjects. The indiscretions of your brother have been visited by indications of the popular feeling so powerful as to command attention; but the bare indulgence in sensuality, is innocent compared with the violation of all the ties of social life, and the practice of debauchery under the garb of hypocrisy. Nor will the indulgence that has been granted to him, in consideration of his amiable qualities, be ex-

tended to the profligate, whose corruption is only equalled by his meanness.

"Well acquainted with history, as you are, you cannot but recollect that crimes, like that of which you have been guilty, were capital among several nations, particularly among our ancestors, who did not call it the fashion to corrupt and be corrupted; at least (*si vestras forte peraures Taciti nomen sit*), an ancient historian would have told you; and if the same visitation had followed your exploit, that punished adultery in former ages, by whom would your grace have been pitied or lamented?

"It did not, I suppose, occur to you that amusements like yours have produced the downfall of many dynasties. You may have read of the banishment of the Tarquins for the incontinence of the son, and must remember the destruction of the Bourbons. In what consists the difference between the profligacy of a wife, a son, and a brother? It might have been imagined, that the crimes of the ministers alone, had been sufficient to throw an odium on any government, without the addition of your misdeeds. If you were regardless of your own interest, gratitude for his predilection in your favor, should have led you to regard the interest of the individual on whom the honor of the family now depends. If your indifference proceeds from an utter destitution of feeling, to correct it would be hopeless; if it be the result only of ignorance, you may be awakened to a sense of your fatuity by the history of Henry the second, King John, and the other English monarchs, who were ruined either by their own indiscretions, or the lasciviousness of their kindred."

ALTER ET IDEM.

Hampstead, Aug. 10*th*, 1812.

LONDON AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

SIR,

IN Anderson's History of the Rise and Progress of Commerce, we are informed that Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1561, wore the first pair of silk stockings ever seen in these kingdoms; and another celebrated author gives us a letter from her predecessor James, when he was King of Scotland to one of his nobility, requesting the use of his *scarlet hose with the goud clocks*, on a particular day, in which he was desirous of giving the French ambassador an extraordinary proof of his magnificence. These anecdotes, when contrasted with the luxury of the present times, make a very whimsical appearance; and it is impossible not to be amused at the exultation of these princes, in wearing an article of finery, which, at the present happy period, our mechanics and our servants are allowed to purchase without any imputation of extravagance. Things of this kind, however, cease to be important as soon as they become general; and though it was urged against the elder Buckingham, as a crime of some magnitude that he introduced the sedan into this country, and degraded his species by employing them in the capacity of horses, a bailiff's follower may now occupy, unobserved, the best vehicle of this kind, at any corner of our watering-places: and if his dress be not remarkably shabby, he may possibly be accosted by the ambling gentry with the appellation of your honor.

It is a just remark, that politeness next to money is the coin of most universal currency: in every situation we are fond of being treated with respect, and it is easily seen that the elegance of our dress has a material influence over our manners. The robust apprentice in his Sunday suit, thinks it necessary to make an extraordinary display of good breeding, and pays a compliment

to his coat, which he seldom pays to himself; with the garb he assumes the language of decency, and reserves his brutality for a leather apron. On this account, I consider the deviations that we have made from the simplicity of our ancestors as so many improvements in the national character, and am disposed to estimate our civilization by the standard of our luxury. In the unpolished times of our forefathers, the daughters of the first nobility were frequently distinguished by the vulgar appellations of Jane, Bridget, Susan, and Kate; and if a quarrel occasionally arose between two men of condition they were ungenteel enough to vent the ebullitions of their fury in the language of resentment. As we have risen in dress, however, we have risen in urbanity. If the retailer of a few ribbons wants a girl in her shop, she advertises for a young lady of *good family* and *reputable connections*, and every emancipated apprentice is an *esquire*.

I am led into this comparison of the past and present manners of the British nation, by the following letter now in the possession of a friend. It is supposed to have been written by Ann Bullen to a lady of her acquaintance previous to her nuptials with Henry the eighth I have modernized the spelling and the idiom.

"Dear Mary,

"I have been in town almost a month; I can't say I have found any thing in London extremely agreeable, we rise so late in the morning, seldom before six o'clock, and sit up so late at night, being scarcely ever in bed before ten, that I am quite sick of it, and was it not for the abundance of fine things I am every day getting, I should be impatient for returning into the country. My mother, my indulgent mother, bought me yesterday at a merchant's in Cheapside, three new shifts, that cost fourteen pence an ell, and I am to have a pair of stuff shoes for my Lord of Norfolk's ball, which will come to three shillings. The irregular life I have led since my coming

to this place has quite destroyed my appetite; you know I could manage almost a pound of bacon, and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but here I find it difficult to get through half the quantity; though I must own that I am generally eager enough for the dinner hour, which is here delayed till twelve, in your polite families. I played at hotcockles last night at the Lord of Leicester's; the Lord of Surry was there, a very elegant young fellow, who sung us a song of his own composition on the Lord of Kildare's daughter; it was very much approved; and my brother whispered me, that the fair *Geraldine*, so the Lord of Surry calls his mistress, is the finest of the age. I should be glad to see her, for I hear she is as good as she is beautiful. Pray my dear Mary take care of the poultry during my absence; poor things I always fed them myself: and if Margery has knitted me the crimson worsted mittings I should be glad if they were sent up the first opportunity.

"Adieu, my dear Mary: I am just going to mass, and you shall speedily have the prayers as you now have the kindest love of your own

"ANNE BOLEYN."

How different from this would be the language of a modern beauty, upon her first appearance in the metropolis. For the sake of exemplifying the contrast, I have myself endeavoured to present your readers with such a letter as she would probably send, preserving as much as possible the spirit of the original model.

"Dear Fanny,

"This London is of all places the most enchanting; the night is constantly devoted to a round of ravishing amusements, and the day, which the vulgar are permitted to share in common with people of distinction is charmingly wasted away in sleep, so that we never see any of the horrid creatures but when we rise in the evening, and find them convenient enough. Oh Fanny, such

a profusion of things as I have got since my arrival in this terrestrial paradise—a pair of diamond ear-rings that are, at least, worth three hundred pounds, and an *esclavage*, but then my old ill-natured hag of a mother played the miser to a shameful degree of parsimony. I shall eternally hate her for it: fifty guineas more would have bought the sweetest thing, but she would not advance that sum, for no other reason than because she wanted it for a distressed family.

"I have been in such spirits since I came to this ravishing place, that I am quite another creature; and then the preparations for an infinity of assemblies! I was last night, my dear, at a party at Lady Betty Blossom's, and who should be there but the Marquis of Moonshine, an ignorant cockscomb, he howl'd a miserable ditty of his own writing to us, on some fright with whom he was in love, and impudently asserted she was the most charming creature in the creation. I should be glad to see her: she is no doubt as accomplished in her mind as amiable in her person! Pray, my dear Fanny, give orders to have the parrot particularly attended to during my absence. Inform that troublesome old woman, the clergyman's widow, that I can no longer continue my allowance of five shillings a week, and that she must look out for another benefactress. Really I have too many calls on my purse to admit of charity. I must subscribe to the Opera, and make up a purse at Miss ———'s benefit. Good bye, my dear dear girl; I am running in the greatest hurry to Hanover-square Chapel. Mr. S—— is a divine man, and all the world will be there!"

To carry the subject further would be unnecessary. I hope that there are none of your readers so destitute of taste or feeling, as to prefer the modern profligate with her diamonds to the ancient beauty in her *mittens*. P. C.

THE REVIEWER.—No. XV.

The Letters of Junius, a new edition, by William Woodfall.

The Letter of Junius to the Prince Regent, extracted from the Independent Whig.

Of all the literary impositions that have lately been practised on the public credulity, the publication professing to be from the pen of Junius, and reprinted from the Independent Whig, is at once the most impudent and the most contemptible. The editor of a public paper desirous of cajolling the public into the purchase of his journal, would, in common cases, have the prudence to select an intelligent instrument of his fraud, and the sagacity to discover, that the claim of identity will not be admitted, unless there be some slight resemblance between the original and the copy. The pseudo Junius is a common letter-writer, and only resembles his model when he adopts his language. Who that has been accustomed to admire the great master of political satire, can endure that inelegance or incorrectness, like that which distinguishes the following paragraph, should be published under the pretended sanction of his name?

"By her *ill-policy*, England has fallen from her high estate: she can no more command among the nations. Her efforts are mischievous but not essential; and the evil she intends to others, *redounds* upon her own head. Your country's *glory* is eclipsed, because it has been *seduced* beyond its proper sphere, and we exist a mark of folly and derision to the world."

Mr. Woodfall's fac-simile edition of this celebrated writer may possibly facilitate the discovery of his name, by enabling the public to compare the manuscript with the hand-writing of the eminent men who flourished during the middle of the eighteenth century. At present, the question remains involved in impenetrable obscurity.

In every literary contest, between a known and an unknown disputant, the bias of popular opinion is in favour of the anonymous adversary. *Omne ignotum pro magni-*

fico. The imagination of the reader naturally invests an invisible writer with ideal attributes; and envy, which attaches itself only to the literary as it is connected with the personal character, is willing to elevate the unknown candidate for public approbation, by withholding from the object of his satire the praise that his successful resistance, or his triumphant rejoinder, may deserve. The combined operation of wonder and malignity, has since exalted to the highest honours of literature, an author, who, beneath the name of Matthias, would have been received with the moderate approbation that is due to an ingenious and animated essayist. Even from causes favourable to human nature, the discovery of Junius would diminish the effect of his satire, and repress the popular admiration of his talents. From a knowledge of his situation, and of the views by which he was guided in the composition of his letters, the people would be able to determine what portion of his writings were consistent with the general tenor of his conduct, what was spoken from conviction, and what from convenience; they would be able to distinguish between the effusions of independent patriotism, and the productions of personal malignity. Compared with the advantages that he possessed, or the talents that he displayed in other branches of pursuit, his writings might be regarded as below the standard of moderate expectation; and should it be discovered, in the multitude of possible contingencies, that their author was in the habits of daily and friendly intercourse with the objects of his satire, and descended in order to evade suspicion, not only to convenient ambiguities, but to positive falsehoods and mean and degrading artifices, the contemplation of that moral turpitude which his pages so forcibly exemplified, would efface from an ingenuous mind every pleasurable impression that had been previously excited by their literary merits.

The attempts that have been made to discover the author of these celebrated letters, have exhibited the industry of the inquirers at the expence of their reputation

for sagacity. Had Almon possessed a moderate portion of literary taste, he would have been dissuaded from the publication of a work, of which the most important arguments are refuted by every sentence of the re-published appendix. The compositions of Boyd bear no other resemblance to those of Junius than that which might be expected from an awkward imitator, who had not the genius to approach that excellence which he had the good sense to admire. Any moderately educated Irishman, who had read the works of Junius, till he could recall at will his favourite forms of phraseology, would be able to compose a newspaper essay, that on the principles adopted by Mr. Almon, would substantiate his claims to all the honours of the original Junius.

If the assertion of Mr. Almon be true, that Mr. Hamilton was resident in Ireland during the interval between 1769 and 1771, it is evident that he could not be the author of letters transmitted directly to the printer, and published apparently without the intervention of a third person. The succession of the letters is not, it is true, either so rapid or so regular as to have precluded their transmission from Ireland, even when they contained replies to the animadversions of his newspaper adversaries; but since many occasional notes were interchanged between the printer and Junius, it will be necessary that the friends of Mr. Hamilton's pretensions should suppose the letters to have been copied by a friend in England, who conducted the correspondence with the printer, and to whom that secret, of which Junius declares himself to be the sole depository, was committed. If we judge from internal evidence, no compositions are more dissimilar to each other in diction and phraseology than those of the orator and the satirist. Abruptness is not less decidedly the characteristic of Hamilton's style, than it was abhorrent from the genius of those writings of which he was supposed to be the parent. Junius is always polished and elaborate; the tutor of

eloquence displays in his productions an unconquerable aversion to the labour of revisal.

The positive and voluntary declaration of Mr. Burke, was not wanting to convince the attentive student of his writings, that he bore no identity with Junius. It would be difficult to point out any two individuals of the last century, the character of whose genius and talents was more opposite. The style of Burke was voluble and exuberant, always distinguished by commanding energy, and sometimes rising into grandeur of thought and majesty of expression. His cadences were as various in their structure, as harmonious in their effect; and his metaphors, while they frequently astonished by their boldness, or surprised by their felicity, too often disgusted the fastidious by their vulgarity, or displeased the judicious by their forcible and inartificial obtrusion. The style of Junius is distinguished by its *elaborate felicity:* he is never rapid, or enthusiastic, or irregular. His imagination is always beneath the guidance of his judgment, and in his most earnest passages he has time to attend to the collocation of his words, and the cadence of his period. He points his weapons with matchless skill, and polishes them with exquisite taste; but the merit of the combatant is lost in our admiration of the dexterity of the artist. Burke was endowed by nature with the attributes of a giant and a hero; Junius had acquired by laborious practice the stratagems and evolutions of the mortal combatant; the former was born to hurl the thunderbolts of Jove, the latter had been trained to wield with dexterity the light and glittering weapons of the fencer.

The writers who have ascribed the composition of these letters to Dyer, Young, and a multitude of other candidates, have either taken it for granted that the loose assertions of every dissipated man of letters, are to be received with implicit confidence, or have wandered from the path of legitimate enquiry in the indulgence of loose and vague conjecture. Their ascription to Lord Chatham would have deserved the praise of probability as

well as ingenuity, had not the publication of that nobleman's letters enabled us to compare his plain and unaffected phraseology with the language of Junius. It is not to be expected, indeed, that a private letter should be written with so much care as a communication intended for the public eye; but it may justly be concluded, that even in the unrestrained correspondence of a man of talents with a brother or a friend, there will be occasional traces of those peculiar modes of thought and expression by which his printed compositions are distinguished.

If we admit that the boasts of Junius be any thing more than the ebullitions of imaginary importance, or the deliberate productions of literary artifice, and believe that his "*rank*" *did* "place him above a common bribe," it is not difficult to point out an individual to whom his productions may be attributed without any direct violation of probability. The Earl of Shelburne, afterwards *Marquis of Lansdowne*, though the leader of a political party, has *alone* escaped the animadversions of Junius; if it be necessary to account for the preservation of the secret, by supposing the rank of the writer not only to have elevated him above the ambition of a common bribe, but above the temptation of literary fame, why may not the reader in a contest of probabilities, ascribe them to a nobleman, who alone evaded the severity of the satirist, who proved, by the tenor of his conduct, a warm and regular attachment to literature, and against whose pretensions, no literary evidence has yet been committed to the world?

It has been suggested in a periodical publication by a pretended admirer of Mr. Tooke, that in his correspondence with the Public Advertiser, he was his own antagonist. It is true that the style of Tooke has more resemblance in its form of construction to that of Junius than can be traced in the compositions of any other of his contemporaries; the same sententiousness of expression, and the same dislike of involved and extended sentences are visible in both. But these are feeble evi-

dences of identity, and the more particular features of resemblance may be traced to unconscious imitation. The friends of Mr. Tooke, in their zeal to elevate the literary character of their idol, have virtually advanced his claim to the appellations of a rogue and a liar. If Horne Tooke was the writer of the letters under the signature of Junius, he must have been the basest and most dishonest of mankind.

Mr. Woodfall's edition, though not in general circulation, is at length within the reach of the curious and the wealthy. What advantage the public is to derive from the publication of expensive fac-similes, it is difficult to conjecture. A specimen of the hand-writing would equally have facilitated the purposes of discovery, and the trivial additions, consisting of notes to the printer, and similar materials, afford neither amusement nor instruction. Junius seems to have been as much a stranger to Mr. Woodfall, as to any of his contemporaries, and the present publication demonstrates that his reserve was dictated only by his foresight.

MODERN FEMALE EDUCATION.

> "And each boarding-school miss, &c."
>
> CAPT. MORRIS.

SIR,

MILTON, in his admirable eulogy on newly made woman (the pattern card of creation) sums up with emphatically stiling her, "heaven's last best gift." Most unequivocally do I accede to every expression in the poet's animated description, with this proviso, nevertheless, the subject must be unsophisticated woman, unembellished by *taste*, unaccomplished by *fashion*, the real female of the homo genus; not the lisping, drawling, pouting, fantastic, production of a modern boarding

school: in fine, the woman of Dodsley, thus portrayed in his Economy of Human Life.

"Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

"Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

"Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

"Decency is in all her words, in her answers are mildness and truth.

"Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

"The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth them silent.

"When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

"Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others."

PER CONTRA.

"But examine with care, and fix not suddenly. On thy present choice depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity. If much of her time is destroyed in dress and adornments; if she is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighteth with her own praise; if she laugheth much, and talketh aloud; if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men: though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of Heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thy imagination."

That female manners in this island have undergone a most material change within the last twenty years, no one, I presume, will venture to gainsay—the modest diffidence—the ingenuous reply—the numberless native charms, which uniting, formed the brilliant chain of appendages to "heaven's last best gift," are so nearly

extinct, that though perhaps a solitary instance might occur of culling the chaste, the unassuming *jasmine* from a labyrinth of flaunting *honey suckles,* yet, the chance against procuring such a treasure would be far greater in the present day than in the sixteenth century, when Sir John More, father to the famous chancellor of that name, compared the hazard of chusing a female to the temerity of a man's putting his hand into a sack containing ninety-nine *snakes* and only one *eel :* he might, by the greatest good luck imaginable seize the harmless *fish ;* but the odds were nearly an hundred to one he was bitten by a *serpent.*

When the manners of children, scarcely out of leading strings, are narrowly observed, the bold, presumptuous, dogmatical behaviour of too many of our modern women perhaps may not be so greatly wondered at. A girl of eight years of age shall advance an opinion as decidedly, and maintain it with equal obstinacy, as any young lady of superior accomplishments and finished education: what a further extension of the system, even on its present scale, may do for us in the course of the next twenty years totally baffles my comprehension; but, I should not in the least be surprized if *little misses* were, by that time, taught the genteel *slang* in their nurse's arms, and, instead of good, old, honest, *be-bye bunting,* be lulled to repose by the choicest and most judiciously selected aphorisms of hypocrisy.

I was led into this train of thinking by what occurred on a visit I paid to an honest farmer, a relation of mine, during the last Midsummer vacation. My old friend had lived the life of a batchelor till about five and forty, when he formed a matrimonial connection with one of those formal clear-starched pieces of mortality, who having, perforce, somewhat overstepped the age of desperation, had by the ungenial operation of "hope deferred," accumulated all the whimsicalities and crabbism of the old maid. The issue of this hopeful junction was an only daughter, now about sixteen, who had resided nearly

three years in one of those luminous seminaries of taste and refinement, a modern boarding-school. On my arrival within ten yards of my friend's door, out swang in high theatric grace the accomplished nymph, *Miss Sophia*, who overwhelmed me with a torrent of something like English words, which ended with—My dear *coz-zin* how happy I *are* that I *sees* you, we have nobody but *gau*-verness, *paw* *h*is *h*out—what a sweet snug party we shall be." I was now ushered into the parlour, where sat in full state my lady mother, and decorated in all the colours of the rainbow—my *gau*-verness. After dinner the lady growing rather talkative on the subject of what amazing proficiency many of her pupils had acquired within the last twelve months, I ventured to enquire whose grammar she preferred and made use of in her seh-*seminary*. " Why, *Sar*, to speak the truth, I have a mode *pichulier* to myself *h*in that branch of *syens*: I *teaches* not by *h*any *partickler* grammar *book*, *h*as most of them *is* far too rude to meet the chaste *h*eyes of such pupils *h*as mine. *Has* for *h*instance, *Sar*, all of them dwells very freely *h*on the *hojos* word gender; this I *h*intirely *h*omit, *h*as tending to raise corrupt *hi-des* in the tender mind, for *hif* *bulls*, *h*and such like gross *hannimals* are brought forward *h*as *h*instances of gender, who can suppose but that their *natteral* *hintercourse* and *hopperations* will *h*instantly *h*occur. No, *Sar*, gender *h*ought not to be admitted into *pi*lological discussion. *h*as gender *h*is the point too many females *has* *h*already split upon." An approving bow of mine to this *aspirant* harangue was courteously rewarded by a double-blossomed smile. "You cannot imagine, *Mem*," says the mother, " how fancifully your pupil has adorned her chamber since"—"*Aupaurtment* —*Maw maw*; if you please"—I now ventured to observe to Miss how highly delighted Jenny Jump must have been on her return, as they had formerly been such close companions and playfellows. " Oh, *Sar*," says the young lady, " I have given that *thing* the *cut direct*, it would *h*ill become a person of my *heddecation* to *sociate* with *sach* a

garl as *Jane Jomp*." The old one who had been some little time absent now returned, seemingly not a little flurried--she nestled in her chair—fanned herself with her handkerchief, but articulation was suspended; at length turning to the votary of Iris---"would you believe, Mem? could you think it possible? On taking a turn in the gate just now I observed an unusual cackling amongst the poultry---going up to the hen-roost who should I find there but that great lurking booby, John, our *middle man*, in the very act"--"for heaven's sake what *act?* screams *gau*-verness---"Why Mem, as I live, in the very act of *sucking eggs*---such mean, pilfering, dirty tricks!" *Miss Sophy's* face from the colour of a clout, might now have vied with a red hot shovel; bursting out in a voice something between a shout and a squeal--*Mother---mother* ---your *insinniation* about *Jan* is paltry, is ridiculous---you knows poor *Jan* has been rather unwell some days--- somewhat oppressed by *stoffing* lately, and *hi ham poser-tive shure* there is not a *niseter* young man in the parish *then Jan*, so there need not be *no noise* about a *heg* or two; *hand hif* he have no worse*r* tricks *then* that, you may think yourself well off." I did not wait for *Maw's* re-joinder, but made the best of my way home, satiated, even to loathing, with the effect of a boarding-school education.

I am this moment interrupted by a special messenger from my old friend, bearing a note requesting my immediate attendance, to consider of the most proper steps to be taken in consequence of *Miss Sophia's* being detected with *poor Jan*, under such circumstances as clearly demonstrate the old lady's abhorrent idea of the crime of *egg sucking* was very far from being lightly founded.

QUIZ CAXEN.

Newark, Aug. 17, 1812.

ON THE FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.

To his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

Sir,

Unused to the servile language of flattery, and an ardent despiser of that gross adulation so liberally bestowed on you by your mean and flippant dependants, I shall offer no apology for addressing you without the usual formalities of a vitiated courtier, confident, that to confirm corrupt habits by insidious praises, is the conduct of a slave, and is a proof of equal enmity to his country and his prince. I shall address you, Sir, in the straight-forward and plain language of a true Englishman; one attached to that glorious spirit of Whiggism which placed and established your illustrious family on the throne; it is the more honest, and as such ought to be better estimated by your Royal Highness.

It is a common remark, that he who *proposes* to be candid *means* to insult; but I am at a loss to understand on what grounds such a conclusion is to be drawn, unless indeed the voice of truth is to be so construed, because, in the clearness of its remarks, it comes home to the question; and in the utterance of its honest indignation, it is free in probing and reproving the shamed heart of the mean and vicious. If this be insult, if it be comprised in unanswerable truths, or forcible expositions of dishonorable propensity and corrupt acts; then, indeed, I am content to labour under the censure of those who are willed to think so, and court it from those sycophants that surround your royal person; those locusts, who by pandarizing to the appetites of the *illustrious heads of nations*, feed on the vitality of the people, and are supplied by their blood with sinecures, reversions, places, and pensions—their censure is the praise I seek—their loud voice of reprobation the trumpet of my triumph—

and if they seek to encircle me with their *ex-officio* chains; I will hold up an honest quill to a jury of my countrymen, and will ask them if fair discussion is not the *privilege* of a free man, and whether an Englishman is, or ought to be LESS THAN FREE. The still smoaking ruins of fallen continental kingdoms ought to be a lesson for royalty, and teach it to listen to the people's voice; in the corruption of courts, nations have lost their grandeur, their magnanimity; the miserable insects that surrounded the royal persons of Austria, Prussia, Spain, &c. &c. delivered their country to the enemy, on the appearance of danger, and Bonaparte met with an easy conquest: he fought against treachery and corruption: the people were careless as to the issue, because no change could enhance their sufferings, or increase their burthens, which were already insupportable.

The subjugation almost of the whole of Europe by a mean tyrant, springing from obscurity, has been the consequence of the turpidity of courtiers, and not of the weakness of the people; their grievances could not be heard by their sovereign, their sufferings never reached the royal ear, or if they did they were disregarded. Thus the people became alienated from the government, the king lost his strength, and could not face his invaders. It requires no great exertion of the pen to prove to you, that the liberty of the press, and the freedom of discussion, not being secured to the people of the before-mentioned kingdoms, was the first great cause that led to all the events which have characterized Europe for these last twenty-five years—it is so evident that I shall indulge in no remarks on the subject, taking it for granted that as the fact is unquestioned by the people of England, it must be notoriously known to your Royal Highness. But here, Sir, let me remark, that I am no advocate for the licentiousness of the press; no, I deprecate its unruly freedom as warmly as your Royal Highness or Sir Vicary Gibbs. I hate cold-blooded slander, and ex-parte calculations made on the spur of the moment, with party views,

and for the base purposes of delusion; I reprehend the venality of writers with more asperity than I should the corrupt conduct of your Royal Highness's advisers; because I see in such venality, a greater evil practised on the nation. A corrupt centinel at his post, guarding the liberties of a people, is more dangerous to that community than the direst enemy avowed. But, as I imagine, we differ materially in opinion as to what constitutes the liberty, and what the licentiousness of the press; and as it appears to me that no reasoning can bring your Royal Highness and myself to think alike on that subject, I shall take the liberty of subjoining what appears to be your Royal Highness's opinion, and contrast it with my own. You, and your party, think the liberty of the press overstepped by a *free* and *fair* exposition of *facts*, which, for the better security of that party, *ought* to be *untold*. But my opinion is, that such is the imperative duty of a public writer, a duty he owes to the people for whom he watches, for whom he writes, and by whom he is paid.

You regard honest and warm strictures on public abuses, public peculations, and all the various corruptions which sap the foundation of your throne, and are entwined from the root upwards, round the branches of our constitution, as virulence and licentiousness! proceeding from bad passions, and a foul heart; but I, Sir, am impressed with a contrary conviction, and I believe the vox populi is with me, that such discussion comes within the liberty of the press, and so far from being *vicious* is a VIRTUOUS OUTCRY AGAINST DANGER. Such strictures are honorable to the head and heart, and emanate from a liberty which establishes to the people a just beacon of defence, which however insufficient in the corruption of modern times, they ought not to be deprived of; it is founded and confirmed by the Bill of Rights, and so far extends the just liberty of the press. Its licentiousness is quite another thing—to be licentious as a writer, is to promulgate opinions you never entertained, but for which you are paid, to modulate your principles to those of the party,

by which you are hired, binding yourself to oppose the adverse side of the question, at all times, and on all occasions, be they *right* or *wrong*, invariable as a government writer to thunder out your anathemas against the opposition, wilfully to traduce them, to blacken their private character, and to hold up their public as revolutionary and dangerous; to extol the existing administration, under any circumstances, and praise your Royal Highness for virtues you never affected!!

Thus the Morning Post tells us and you, that you were

> "Born to delight and bless mankind;"
> "Wisdom with *pleasure* in her train,
> GREAT PRINCE!!! shall signalize thy reign:
> To *honor! virtue!! truth!!!* allied—
> The nation's *safeguard* and its pride:
> With monarchs of *immortal* fame
> Shall bright Renown enrol THY NAME."

And who shall read the following epithets, bestowed on your Royal Highness by the same vapid, dull, and slavish print, and not say that in their adoption of them, they have *libelled* you? Can any thing be more disgusting, than to hear them bespatter you with "*glory of the people*," when it is universally known that your Royal Highness has never by any one act or deed, intimated a desire to be the "glory" of your future subjects, or "*protector of the arts*," excepting in the patronage of a miserable painter, possessing confidence, without merit and effrontery, and villany enough to boast of the personal favors of ladies of rank and fashion, who have sat to his pencil. This wretched foreigner, Sir, (I do not mean to use this epithet "foreigner" as generally disrespectful) has to my knowledge boasted of a duchess and several countesses who have yielded to his amorous suit!!! It cannot be possible, that female depravity has arrived to such a pitch; but if so, let them see here the confidence that is to be reposed in such a man. More shall be heard from us on this subject at a

future period, and we may probably treat the vain boaster with a few of his amorous fictions---or, "*Mecænas of the age*," we have not yet been favoured with a list of the deserving writers your Royal Highness has patronized; but if they are of the class of the editor of the "Morning Post," we should wish to see *deserving* erased, and *hireling* substituted.---"*Breather of eloquence*;" bravo; this is excellent—we shall have no more *speeches read* from the *throne*. "*Conqueror* of hearts;" what will the Marchioness of Hertford say to this? "*Exciter of desire and love*"—charming!—"*Adonis in loveliness*;" exquisite! This, your Royal Highness, is a fair specimen of the licentiousness of the press, a licentiousness into which the weak and imbecile writers for government have rushed, in the warmth of their anxiety for place, pension, or to deserve their pay. A licentiousness, for which if we search for another motive, we shall find in a dastardly, subtle, and slavish love for licking the hem of the great man's garment: such men would leave you, Sir, on the first press of danger, and face to the enemy—like a Goldsmith, when disappointed in their unreasonable expectations would be warmest in the cause they had been before the loudest in deprecating.

I am, your Royal Highness's obedient and devoted servant, in all things wherein the liberty of the subject is not infringed,

BRITANNICUS.

THE WHIPS. No. VII.

THE family of the individual whose vices we are called upon to hold up to the execration of an injured and indignant public, has long attracted the attention of the world by the apparent weight of its political influence. A confederacy so ruinous to the morals of the people and the glory of the empire as that which has been formed

among the members of the house of ——, has seldom awakened the resentment, or provoked the wonder of a great and enlightened people. The happiness of other nations has been sacrificed to the passions or the caprices of youth and beauty; the secrets of other mansions have been entrusted to individuals whose convivial powers or whose political talents atoned for their destitution of moral principle, and the profligacy of their manners; but it was reserved for the present generation to witness the undisputed and confirmed ascendancy of superannuated grossness, and of intemperance unenlivened by wit, and unembellished by refinement. An aged and bloated harlot usurps the rights of beauty, and enchains in hopeless bondage the faculties of her victim, while youthful profligacy inadvertently aids the operation of maternal cunning, and the sallies of passion or indiscretion that escape from ——lips in his bacchanalian intercourse with the son, contribute to the success of the parent's machinations.

That the English court may itself escape the contagion of example, and the influence of the family, is the first and most ardent wish of every subject, to whom the glory of his prince, and the welfare of his country, are something more than the common-places of newspaper phraseology.

The easy manners and liberal principles of the mother have been adopted by the father, and imitated by the son. The parent looks on with delight or indifference, while his lady indulges in the most open, if not the most uncommon violation of her conjugal duties; and the son pursues his usual career of licentious pleasure, undisturbed by any unpleasing recollections of the fair and fickle fair one, who in a foreign country, and beneath the protection of a celebrated general, enjoys the sweets of fortune and of love.

Of his talents as a diplomatic character, it would be dangerous to express an opinion, but by a reference to the singular explanation of his conduct so lately published in the newspapers. Whether his statement was written beneath the influence of potent *Curacoa*, or composed

after the dictation of his mamma, may possibly be determined by those who have witnessed the singular coincidence between his ——'s style and that in the papers in defence of the Liverpools, and in condemnation of the Wellesleys, which issued from a certain quarter during the late negociations.

Previous to her departure from this country his lady had paid the most assiduous attendance on a superannuated debauchee, whose profligacy was only equalled by his wealth. The condescension of the wife, and the friendship of the husband were rewarded by a princely legacy, and by other gratifications that evinced the omnipotence of female flattery over nature, policy, and justice.

His career as a man of gallantry has been long and variegated. Notwithstanding the causes of mutual discontent, that immediately succeeded his marriage with ——, appearances were still kept up. Like people of fashion, indeed, they lay separately, seldom met but at meals, conversed on general topics, and seemed almost to have forgot that there was such a passion as love in the marriage state. Whilst his lordship was running a match at Newmarket, her ladyship was crowning him at home with the emblem of good fortune, to which, from his superior judgment on the turf, he thought himself entitled. His lordship was generally flushed with success, and he was pleased to see her ladyship participate in his satisfaction. His victories were accompanied with the same fate as Cæsar's, nor was the wife of Pompey more sedulous in promoting her husband's *celestial* happiness, than Lady —— in promoting the felicity of his lordship.

At length, however, her conduct became so glaring, that broad shame stared him in the face; and he resolved at once to gratify his wife, and fly from the reach of censure and of ridicule by a trip to France. This resolution was chiefly owing to the detection of a *tête à tête* between Lady —— and Captain S——. The Captain was a

complete woman's man; he was a general favorite among the ladies; having been the cause of more female altercations and more hurricanes in the fashionable world than any other gentleman in the ——s. He had fought several duels for the reputation of the sex, and was so perfect a man of honor, that he was always in readiness to seduce the wife of his friend, or to kill him when called to account. This character had given him so much influence over the gay part of the sex, that there were few women of fashion, desirous of becoming widows, who were averse to a public intrigue with Captain S——. He had some other qualifications besides his bravery. He was tall, athletic, and well-made, of a ruddy complexion, with dark hair, and a comely agreeable countenance. The captain had no other apparent support than his pay: he nevertheless kept the best company in town, and lived in as voluptuous a manner as the most wealthy of his comrades. The generosity of the ladies towards their favorite was unbounded, and he in return was as beneficent to that part of the sex who stood in need of his assistance. Between this gentleman and Lady W—— a long and tender intimacy had subsisted, but love became a necessary sacrifice to interest, and her ladyship having resolved to devote all her attentions to old B——m, resigned the captain to the undisturbed possession of Lady ——.

Since the return of his lordship, the greater part of his time has been divided between his attendance at the bacchanalian festivities of his *friend* and his attentions to Mrs. B. Though this lady cannot be regarded as a beauty, and she is declining into old age, the melody of her voice, and the facility with which she accommodates herself to the various humours of the great and the amorous, captivated his heart. After a twelvemonth's attentions, however, he was repulsed by a frank declaration on the part of the lady, that he was not a man to her taste; and after ineffectually renewing the pursuit, he has at length resigned her, in despair, to the undivided protection of the Duke of S——.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER, No. XII.

If the victory of Salamanca had no other tendency than to inspire the English nation with renewed confidence in itself, and to prepare our officers and our soldiers for the possible necessity of contending with the enemy of Europe, on our native shores, it might justly be regarded as one of the most important events, which it has fallen to the duty of the modern historian to record. It cannot be too frequently repeated that should our exertions in favor of the Spaniards, be rendered abortive by the supineness of their governors, we have been acquiring in a just and honorable contest that military experience without which heroism degenerates into profitless enthusiasm, and have acquired the habits and the motives of a military nation unvisited by the distresses and calamities of war.

But the immediate results of the victory, will in all probability be as glorious as its ultimate consequences may be useful. If we have been able under all our former disadvantages, unexcited by the stimulus of brilliant and decisive success, and notwithstanding the dissatisfaction expressed by our allies at our perseverance in a defensive system of warfare, to impede the movements and divide the forces of the enemy, we may now expect that the issue of the contest will be immediate and decisive; that while the power of Bonaparte is directed to another object, and the remnant of his troops in the Peninsula, are dispersed or dispirited, the skill and constancy of the English will be assisted by the heroism of the Spaniards, and that having replanted the standard of freedom from the Tagus to the Pyrenees, the interception of Soult and the liberation of Cadiz, may relieve the Spaniards from their oppressor, and give new hopes and energy to the nations of the continent.

It must be admitted indeed that the higher classes of

the Spaniards are either the treacherous instruments of Napoleon, or the sluggish and idle slaves of pride and superstition. They regard the struggles of the lower classes in the cause of freedom, with a jealousy arising from the consciousness, that the repulse of a single tyrant would be the signal of revolt against the authority of their domestic oppressors. They naturally regard with disgust or impatience a contest that impoverishes their estates, and degrades the grandee, who in times of quiet and tranquillity, receives the willing homage of his dependants and his vassals, into comparative insignificance. The miseries of Gallic depotism, they have witnessed only in prospect; the inconveniences and distresses of the present contest come home to their immediate and daily observation.. While the higher classes are thus treacherous or inert, it is impossible that the multitude can be trained to the regular discipline of the sword, or be taught to act but in detached and desultory warfare, as auxiliaries to the regular armies of their allies, and in irregular excursions against the weak and straggling parties of the enemy. But under all these disadvantages we have accomplished the deliverance of Portugal, and have prolonged the termination of a contest which without any serious inconvenience to ourselves, has wasted the resources and destroyed the armies of the invaders; in which our failure would be productive of disappointment rather than distress, while our triumph would accelerate the destruction of the enemy, and be one great step towards the recovery of European independence. If we have been able to do so much already, and under circumstances so unpropitious, what may not hereafter be accomplished by an army flushed with victory, in the heart of the invaded country, assisted by allies whose irregular exertions, even during the periods of distress and dismay, have swept away the legions of the enemy, and have rendered by their fortitude and activity his military science and his temporary successes equally ineffective.

It is indeed the vice of princes and of courtiers that an occasional gleam of success subdues their moderation and hurries them into all the vanity of extravagance, That Lord Wellington has gained an important victory, and that its consequences will be beneficial to England and to Europe, though it may afford some expectation of ultimate relief from our distress, and is hailed with joy by a people accustomed to disappointments, ought to stimulate us to exertion, rather than confirm us in that obstinate adherence to our ancient prejudices, which has already exalted the French empire to its present supremacy, and reduced ourselves to the most deplorable state of financial and commercial distress. An honourable peace, a peace that would guarantee the integrity of the British empire, and the independence of the allies, is all that a reasonable statesman would expect. But it had been rumoured about for several days, and is now declared by the ministerial journalists, that in consequence of the splendid victory obtained by Lord Wellington, and the new prospects opened by that glorious event to ourselves and our allies, the Prince Regent had pledged himself in the most solemn manner to the Duke of Conde, that he will never make peace with France till the Bourbons are seated on "their hereditary throne." If this declaration were really the consequence of the victory, and the Prince Regent regards it as a matter of conscience that it should be fulfilled, the people of England will have reason to wish that the battle of Salamanca had not been fought, or that it had terminated in a manner less gratifying to the national pride of a people so easily intoxicated by success.

After being assured year after year from the throne itself that we were fighting for our existence, and patiently submitting to every species and degree of privation and distress, under the conviction that our self-denial and our fortitude were absolutely necessary not only to the honor, but to the salvation of the empire, it is at once surprizing and afflicting to be informed that objects in the highest degree chimerical and unattainable, present themselves

to the view of our rulers, at every glimmering of temporary success, that in times of peril we are condemned to overcome our immediate dangers, that we may rush into the midst of unknown and unnecessary perils, and that if we surmount the misfortunes that have befallen us, it will only be to pursue with renewed temerity the line of conduct by which they were occasioned. We had thought that a crusade to Jerusalem was, at the present day, as rational an object of contemplation, as a crusade in favour of the Bourbons. The injustice and impolicy of interfering with the internal constitution of a foreign government, have been so often urged by the friends of liberty, and so frequently admitted by their opponents, that some faint intimation of the popular sentiment might have been expected to pervade the recesses of the palace, and repress the sallies of an inflamed imagination.

The Bourbons are, in their present situation, a very quiet, modest, and civil kind of people, but they have displayed in their own cause little of that courage that commands our reverence, or that warm and generous spirit which at once excites our esteem and admiration. The male branches of the family have preferred the domestic repose of Wanstead and Wimbledon, to the scenes of battle and of glory on the Tagus and the Vistula: of those to whom honor abroad is more attractive than idleness at home, the inherent attachment of Frenchmen to their country, independent of their government, has repressed the military ardor; they would rejoice to see the Bourbons on the throne of Bonaparte, but they do not love to fight against the soldiers of the great nation; though they hate Napoleon, as the usurper of their prince's rights, they admire his greatness, and sympathize in his success, as the general of the French armies. National vanity overcomes the suggestions of reason and of duty, and though they would rejoice to parade once more in the gardens of the Thuilleries, they would hate the English for every victory by which they had prepared the way for their return.

It is too evident from the accounts of the Russians themselves that they have been forced to retreat before the superior skill or superior numbers of their adversary. That the Russians are able to fight hard battles, and in small numbers, and at a distance from their own country, to contend with their enemy for the palm of military skill, is evident from the campaigns of Suwarrow, and from the conflicts immediately preceding the peace of Tilsit. But to direct the mighty masses that are now assembled to oppose the progress of Bonaparte, to one great purpose, is, we are afraid a task above the power of a Russian general, even during the absence of the emperor. A great proportion of the army must be composed, of the vassals of nobles whose opinions it will not be prudent to disregard, of mercenary and independent hordes, who will seize on a critical moment of the game to bargain, when they ought to be fighting; and of tributary tribes too happy to assist the progress of an invader who knows how to allure them by promises, and who is willing to glut their thirst for plunder and for blood. But the great danger arises from the presence of the emperor. Alexander is the dupe of female artifice, and the slave of his favourites. The motions of his army will be guided, and the views of his general be counteracted, by the fears of the women and the caprices of his courtiers. He will be bold to-day, and timid to-morrow, according to the wishes or the whim of his companions; and after resigning the scene of contest to an adversary, who knows that something more is necessary to success, than a splendid court and mighty preparations, he will be glad to save his imperial palace, and the apartments of his concubines from the rapacity of the invader, by acquiescing in every demand and every condition, however injurious to his people, or degrading to his personal dignity.

The CONTRAST, or FASHION and VIRTUE.

Sir,

The subjoined contrast between the manners, sentiments, and condition of a Lady of Fashion and the Wife of a Country Curate, may be no improper companion to your journal of the Nottinghamshire manufacturer. The fidelity of the portraits will not be disputed; whether the *spirit* of the delineation be equal to its correctness, must be left to the opinion of your readers.

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

Tuesday. Rose at one. Horribly pale. Dear Sir Frederic left me above an hour ago. Heard my husband's voice on the stair-case, and sent Betty down to enquire after his health. I am afraid that his flirtation with my friend Lady A—— bears too hard upon him. Yet after all he is an amazing creature, and were not he my husband, I should think him tolerable. But the fatigue of conversing day after day, and bandying compliments from hour to hour is insupportable. Used for the first time the Roseate Wash—a delightful composition. Betty and the glass assure me that my countenance glows with the bloom of youth and vivacity. Found within the lid of the *rougiette* an apology for Sir James's want of punctuality. The wench is

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

Tuesday. Rose at six, and assisted my daughter Mary Anne in cleaning the house, and lighting the parlour fire. My dear husband returned at seven from his morning's walk, and we joined in thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies for his spiritual care, and all the bodily comforts he has bestowed upon us. At eight, sat down to our morning meal of bread and milk. 'Twas humble fare, but we have long bid adieu to luxury, and domestic love presided at the repast. Employed myself, during the morning, in repairing my husband's Sunday coat and sorting his linen. Heaven knows that the latter of these duties was easily accomplished. Made Eliza a frock out of my last year's bombazeen; the dear child

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

cunning, yet far from being sufficiently *au-fait* at trifles of this kind. Rebuked her for her foolishness. Apparent openness is the best safeguard against suspicion. My private notes shall, for the future, lay on the table.

Two o'clock. That troublesome creature, Miss R—— the milliner has again disturbed me at breakfast with her paltry bill, though it has been due only two years, and I continue to honor her with my patronage. Mem. Lady Bab Blardoon's party this evening. The Duke and Miss Fitz-Clarence. Sir William R—— dropt in. All life and gaiety as usual. He told us that he had just "shipped off" the Scotch *innocent*, who had run after him from Leith to Jamaica under the protection of old Simmons his steward, who has received instructions to leave her behind him on his return. We all joined in laughing at his stratagem, yet it is strange considering the gentlemanly manners and conduct of Sir William that he should ever have descended to criminal intercourse with a low Scotch girl, when his person and his conversation might win over the most reserved and the most intelligent of the sex.

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

was quite proud of her finery, and looked in her humble attire, as lovely as an angel. Spent two hours in teaching the little creature her spelling, She makes a charming progress, and she is as amiable as clever. The squire's lady interrupted me in the midst of my maternal cares, and told me that she wondered I did not send the child to school, and that she would be fatigued to death by such an employment as mine. She knew not how much I was delighted by the task, nor chose to know, that in this instance, inclination coincided with necessity. At four o'clock, the son of Mr. Rigby called upon us to spend the evening. His honest attentions to Emily filled me with delight; he is a good young man; may Heaven smile propitious on their union! He joined us in prayer, and after he retired we congratulated Emily on the prospect of their approaching union. Yet this was not a day of unclouded happiness. Our little rent is due: the trifling sums we are indebted in the village, though seldom mentioned by our good-hearted creditors, are to them sums of importance, and cannot be defrayed in less than another

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

Four o'clock. Phillips's in Bond-street. That cruel misery, the Countess, with her whiskers and her bosom, as usual, outbidding all her friends through pure malice. I had set my mind upon a snuff box, value only three hundred guineas, when that odious hag, the plague of fashion, spirit, and elegance, Miss T. L. W. with a nod that froze me to the quick, bore away the prize. The impertinent! She knows that she is rich, and is eager to shew the extent of her riches. I wish that W——— chapel held her within its vaulted recesses. Saw Sir Frederick, however; he nodded with due discretion. Eight—the Opera. That provoking simpleton, L. S. plagued us with his observations on the dress and appearance of the actors. I hate such ideots. Of what consequence is it to well-bred people, whether the performers do their duty or not: it is the conversation that leads us to the Opera: the reciprocation of anecdote and flattery, and not those *precieuses ridicules* the actors. Sir Frederick true to his appointment. Took him home in my carriage—had a *petit souper, tête à tête,* and retired to rest.

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

year: and Dr. Spintext informs my husband that he can get a curate for ten pounds less than his present pittance of fifty pounds. Accustomed to the most rigid economy from my youth up, such is the pressure of the times, that all my efforts to attain even a little more than the necessaries of life have been unavailing. Yet I am grateful to Providence, and in his guardianship shall I put my trust. When my Emily is married, I shall be relieved from much anxiety, and in my husband's love, and the affections of my children, I am rich indeed. We past a cheerful evening, over a cake from farmer Nixon, and a bottle of home made wine. Emily read to us out of Blair's Sermons, while my husband fondled Eliza on his knees. It was a heavenly sight to see the little cherub listening to the words of religion with artless earnestness. If these be the enjoyments of poverty, what are the pleasures of wealth!

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

Wednesday. Received a visit from that decripid and prosing old creature, Lady Fainwould—obliged to devote two hours of the morning to her long and uninteresting stories. She may be useful to Charlotte's matrimonial views, and I was obliged, therefore, to listen with some appearance of civility. Agreeably interrupted by that dear charming little fellow, Tom Moore—he favored us with his latest song, accompanied with his own music. The old dowager was quite delighted with his notes of love, and "dews entrancing" fell from her eyes, so "warmly glancing" in copious streams. As for myself, they only served to remind me of my dear Sir Frederick, and to awaken me to the unpleasing anticipation of his departure.

Four o'clock. Closeted with Charlotte. She is like all young things, just introduced into the great world, and is so foolish as to prefer a per sonable fellow with nothing but his commission, to an aged companion with a large fortune. Strange that mortal women should be so destitute of common sense! When I married Sir Edward, no other idea possessed my mind than that of out-shining my sisters and

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

Wednesday. Eleven o'clock. Received a visit from our landlord, who threatens that unless we pay the ten pounds we are owing him for rent, he will enter an execution, and sell the furniture. To add to our misfortunes, Dr. Spintext has declared his intention to change: and the information has an evident effect on the manners of our tradesmen. There are among them, indeed, kind and generous beings, but they are overpowered by the unkind and the brutal. I long for my husband's return, not only to consult with him on our situation, but in the hope that he may bring with him the means of sustenance. Surely the squire cannot be so mean, or so unfeeling as to refuse to my husband the two pounds for which he undertook the preparation of his eldest son for the university. Yet he is selfish, and his wife is extravagant. My poor, poor Eliza, dissatisfied with her humble and scanty meal of this morning, yet young ass he is, to delicate, or too sensible of her situation to express her sensation, presents an interesting yet afflicting picture. My feelings are harrowed up. When will my husband return! I cannot, and yet I must repress the

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

my friends. It is true that I have been a little disappointed, and that some trivial indiscretions on my own part have subjected me to the necessity of conditional loans, but it is better to live as others do, and in debt, than to retrench, and be despised. In the one case all the world conspires to pity and avoid you, in the other, you only disappoint a few petty tradesmen, who calculate upon such things when they begin business, and make the vulgar, who are honest, pay for the fashionable, who are distressed. Seven o'clock. A comfortable party to *Rouge et Noir*. My usual fortune, lost five hundred guineas to that masculine witch, L. H. ——. Would to God that the fellow were seized on his road home with an apoplectic fit. What shall I do? Lord P—— has indeed promised me one thousand of Charlotte's fortune on the day of marriage, but according to appearance, that day may be yet far distant. The sacrifice of my person to my husband's steady friend, Colonel T———,would indeed be an easy and not unpleasant mode of relief, but the colonel cannot hold his tongue, and both interest and passion lead me to dread even

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

too delicate and punctilious feeling in which I have been educated. There are yet within my possession valuables sufficient to purchase the necessaries of life, and satisfy the cravings of hunger !* * * * I have accomplished what I wished, but heaven only knows with what feelings of poignant distress and humiliation I stept, ashamed and degraded, with the feelings of a criminal, half disguised, and half avowing my distress, to the receptacle of the possessions of the poor. But the pledge has relieved me from the necessity of remaining a silent witness to the inexpressible anguish of my children, and when my husband returns home all will be well.

12 o'clock at night. My husband is yet absent! What can have become of him. It is not usual for him to remain from home so late, and the christening would not detain him longer than the evening. My Emily expresses her anxiety by her looks and gestures, and Eliza weeps and asks me where papa is gone, and why he remains so long away. Worn out with expectation, and distracted by anxious conjecture, I called my daughters to my bedside, and prayed that

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

the suspicion of infidelity to Sir Frederic. As for my husband, I shall make what use of his name I please.

Thursday. Awoke dreadfully affected by the laudanum I took last night. My losses at play always lead me to the use of that stimulating drug. Twelve o'clock. Sitting at breakfast, to my utter astonishment, the nurse was announced, not alone to receive her wages, but with the child in her arms. Rebuked her well for her thoughtlessness, and informed her that if she again ventured into my presence with the infant, until it was able to walk and speak, it should be committed to other hands. The child is pretty enough indeed, and brought to mind some pleasing recollections, but really I have other things to attend to, and my anxieties are too great to leave room for the indulgence of maternal feelings. Besides I am more vexed than amused by the mummery of nursing. It is laughable enough to see a gentlewoman standing by, and listening to a vulgar female, while she exclaims,

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

the good Providence that so long had guarded us from harm, and supported us beneath affliction, would watch over the footsteps of my husband. Felt much relieved, but retired to enjoy an uncertain and disturbed slumber.

Thursday. My slumber was disturbed early in the morning by a violent beating at the door. I arose, and opened it. The messenger proved to be the vicar's servant, who came to inform me that my husband had been arrested the preceding night, and was now confined in the county gaol. Horror-struck as I was, I had resolution sufficient to call my daughters to attend me, and having paid the last remains of the money received from the pawnbroker, we set off on the top of the coach for G. We hastened to the prison. A surly and unfeeling gaoler refused us admittance. "He is on the poor side," said he, "where no women are admitted. He had no money to pay his fees, and you may go about your business." I implored him to admit me. I fell upon my knees, and told my daughters to practice the same attitude of supplication. It was in vain, and I was about to retire in despair, when young Rigby,

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

"Blessings on its little heart. Give me a kiss—Ah! the darling: as like its father as two cherries. Be quiet then, that's a titty—Deuce take the child, say I.—What, and would it kiss its mamma, 'at would it. Bi Baby Bumpkin! Where's Tony Lumpkin, Lullaby!" Dismissed the woman with the assurance that her quarter's arrears should be paid in a month or two. She made use of the old cant about the hardness of the times, and the want of employment, and told me a long story of her two sons, and of their being obliged to enlist for the Indies. These are new times, indeed, and it becomes necessary for the great world to take care of itself, when the poor consider it is a hardship to serve their country. Three o'clock. Sat to Stroehling—I cannot bear an English artist—they have too high an opinion of themselves, and too little respect for their superiors. To be sure, eight hundred guineas is a considerable sum, and an obligation of this kind to a painter is almost a debt of honor, but he is sanctioned by the court, and I am resolved to shew as much spirit as Lady H——. Formed a party

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

the lover of Emily, suddenly entered, and seeing my distress, exclaimed, "I know it all; leave the fellow to me." He put a bank-note into his hand, and we were immediately ushered into a large, but miserable apartment, in the midst of which, surrounded by the squalid, the drunken, and the vociferous, stood my husband. He—but the scene is too distressing to be remembered. Through the intervention of Mr. Rigby, we were conducted to an apartment comparatively decent and comfortable. My husband now informed me that he had been arrested by the surgeon for the amount of medicines during my sickness in child-bed. Mr. Rigby, under all the circumstances, advised us to apply to the vicar, and we accordingly sent his servant with a letter, intimating our present distress, and explaining the ruin that must overwhelm us were he inclined to persist in his resolution to deprive my husband of the curacy, and offering to fulfil it for forty pounds. To this application he sent us in an hour the following answer:

Sir,

I beg you to know that the

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

to Richmond, oh! how I hate these dull, domestic excursions: all stupidity and affectation, composed of beings who have not sense enough to keep up a lively conversation, and therefore affect to be enraptured at the silent contemplation of the charms of Nature. For my own part, I prefer the sight of a good parlour fire to all the prospects in the world, and think the luxury of a sofa more delightful than that of a bed of roses. We returned in a pet, and as the carriage whirl'd up the New Road, a child crossing the way was dangerously injured by being trampled under the feet of the horses. Threw a shilling out of the window, and ordered the footman to see that the child received it. It is surprising that mothers who suffer their children to play and run along the public ways, are not severely punished. Eight o'clock. Lady B.'s ball and supper; the sporting general led me out to a Waltz, and as we moved, the admiration of the circle that surrounded us, a low born impertinent coxcomb, who imagines that a facility of coupling extempore rhymes empowers him to insult every individual who has

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

curacy is disposed of. Your present month's salary is £3 18 9

and our account stands as under:

For surplice worn and torn	1	1	0
Monies received	2	3	0
Lent last quarter	0	6	0
Postage	0	2	2
	3	12	2
Leaving	0	6	7

which I have sent you, hoping it may be of service. I am,

Yours, and *all that*,

GABRIEL SPINTEXT.

We now resigned ourselves to despair. My husband knelt and breathed out a secret prayer for that fortitude required by his situation. I fell upon his neck, and sobbed bitterly. Eliza clung round me and wept, she knew not why. Emily, who had hitherto retained her fortitude, burst also into a flood of tears. This was too much for young Rigby. Eagerly seizing her by the arm, he exclaimed, Cease your grief, dry up your tears, all will yet be well. Your parents shall be happy. I have long sought a favorable occasion of testifying the sincerity of my affection, and

Diary of a Woman of Fashion.

sensibility enough to feel his attacks, whispered loud enough to be heard by every one. "D—me, the general fancies himself in bed, it is an absolute fandango." The general turned round, and told him that he lied. A tumult took place: I fainted, and was conveyed in a state of insensibility to my carriage. * * * * Charlotte has eloped with Captain P——. I am undone, the thousand pounds are lost, and unless I comply with the wishes of the Colonel, my debts of honor must remain unpaid. Be it so then. I must risk the chance of incurring Sir Frederick's displeasure, and sacrifice my person and my will to the reputation of a woman of honor. Nor would the crime be uncommon were the inducements to its commission less powerful. Adultery is the vice of courts, and why should I be a solitary example of unprofitable virtue?

Diary of the Wife of a Country Curate.

that occasion has arrived. My property is more than sufficient for our mutual happiness. To pay the debts of your father will scarcely diminish my fortune, and as soon as that object is attained, we will find out for him some place of repose more suitable to his profession and his talents, where his virtues may receive their appropriate homage, and filial affection repay the anxieties of parental love!"

A TURKISH TALE.

TO MY FRIEND MISS ——.

Canto I.

Philosophers have wondered why,
Such difference *in your sex* they spy;
Why some are *kind, sincere, humane;*
And others *envious, sordid, vain;*
But puzzled they cou'd ne'er expound
Whence this variety is found:
The task is left for me alone,
To other mortals yet unknown;
This story of remotest age,
Is treasur'd in a secret page,
Yet unexplor'd by common sight
Till I reveal it to the light.

When God determin'd to create
Our parents in primæval state,
And plac'd them in fair Eden's grove,
The seat of innocence and love,
Where all that nature could produce,
Except one *tree* was for their use;
Complete He form'd the happy pair,
But Eve was chief the Godhead's care;
On her the greatest pains bestow'd,
She was the master-piece of God,
Of purest clay her lovely frame,
Inspir'd with bright ethereal flame,
Divine she seem'd to human view,
In short, she just resembled you.

The pair created; for Eve's aid
God next produced a waiting-maid;
I know there are who still believe
There was no woman else but Eve;
But if you'll trust my ancient tale
Reason and truth must soon prevail;

How could the unexperienced fair
Alone comb out her lovely hair?
Unpractised quite in worldly ways,
Unaided could she lace her stays?
Could she adjust her morning gown,
Or even tye her apron on?
Impossible! it could not be,
The *ladies must* in this agree.

As Nature, to form Eve before
Exhausted all her choicest store,
'Tis in my ancient story told,
The maid was form'd of coarser mould,
Wherein to make the matter worse,
Satan, of human race the curse,
Soon found occasion to inspire
A spark of his infernal fire.
To Eve the maid thus furnish'd came,
Who gave her *Vixen* for her name;
The sage in ancient lore OBSERVANT,
Knows well that vixen meant a servant,
Just as in former times a knave,
Meant not a scoundrel, but a slave.
Altho' in modern times 'tis true
'Tis taken for a cursed shrew.

As fire from water, day from night,
From *Vixen* Eve was opposite,
With ev'ry virtue Eve was blest,
And Vixen ev'ry vice possess'd:
Then as in modern times we see,
Such characters could ne'er agree;
The thwarting hussey full of spite,
In constant mischief took delight,
What was by day her mistress' toil;
At night she still was sure to spoil:
The flowers she tore up by the roots,
She broke the trees, destroy'd the fruits;
The lambkins by their tails she hung;
And robb'd the linnets of their young:
Such pranks as these, and many more,
She daily practis'd o'er and o'er,

From morning thus, till night she teaz'd,
And seem'd but in displeasing pleas'd.

With this behaviour tir'd at last,
Eve told her husband all that past,
And begg'd him with a winning air,
To rid her of this grievous care,
That Adam could not for his life,
Deny indulgence to his wife:
He summon'd Vixen to appear,
And thus he said in tone severe:
" How dare you, most audacious Vixen?
" Attempt my Eve to play such tricks on;
" You to whom God existence gave,
" Not as her equal but her slave,
" To be devoted to her will,
" And all her orders to fulfil;
" Yet prompted by, or pride, or lust,
" Forgetful of your parent, dust,
" You boldly dare to disobey,
" You waste in idleness the day,
" And still to vex your mistress bent,
" Whole nights in wickedness have spent;
" I have seen you oft your malice try on,
" The whiskers of Eve's favourite lion,
" You gave her ostrich several blows,
" And pull'd her camel by the nose,
" You plagued the gentle unicorn,
" And broke the point from off his horn;
" The very horse on which I ride,
" I saw you impudently stride,
" Then pluck the hair from out his tail,
" For gins to catch the harmless quail,
" 'Mong birds and beasts you make such riot
" No creature can for you be quiet,
" Instead of to your Maker praying,
" You're always with the monkeys playing.
" And late I saw you in the brake,
" Much too familiar with the snake;
" Such usage I'll no longer bear,
" And by the Maker now I swear,

"That if you persevere in vice,
"I'll banish you from Paradise;
"You shall unless your manners change,
"An outcast in the desart range."

Canto II.

Thus Adam spoke, with sullen frown,
Vixen retir'd, her looks cast down;
No tear, the token of contrition,
Arose upon the admonition;
No blush, the sign of inward grace,
Appear'd in her undaunted face,
Morose and stubborn, she retir'd,
Her breast with various passions fir'd;
Revengeful straight she bent her way,
To where the grisly serpent lay,
To tell him all her shame and grief,
And from his wisdom seek relief.——

She found him in a secret cove,
His usual haunt within the grove,
The snake his hideous length enrolled
In circles frightful to behold
Well knew her errand, for in evil,
There's none so knowing as the devil;
But yet he anxious seem'd to learn,
The weighty cause of her concern.

"Good snake," she said, "who art my friend,
"Who ev'ry thing I do *commend*,
"Who were you but a man should find,
"My bosom to your love inclin'd,
"To none, when round beset with woes,
"But you, can I my pain disclose,
"And constantly your words impart,
"The surest comfort to my heart;
"In time of need, your aid I crave,
"In time of need, your Vixen save;
"Ah keep me from a dreadful fate,
"Protect me from my Mistress' hate
"Else Adam led by her advice,
"Will banish me from Paradise;

To her the *artful fiend* replies,
" Cease, cease your sorrow, dry your eyes,
" On my assistance still depend,
" I'll always, Vixen, be your friend,
" I have a stratagem devis'd,
" And by my council be advis'd,
" Not to retrieve your shame alone,
" But even to make the man your own ;
" To bring your mistress to disgrace,
" While you shall fill her envied place ;
" Then here unrivall'd you shall reign,
" Sole empress of this wide domain.
" And Eve, who bore so late command,
" Shall serve you with a trembling hand ;
" How could your God so partial be,
" To place you in this low degree,
" Unjust that such a noble spirit,
" Should nought but servitude inherit,
" While Eve, that vain, that silly thing,
" Must be the bride of Eden's king.

Now Vixen with attentive ears,
The lying spirit's promise hears,
Her heart by nature prone to sin,
Drinks eagerly the poison in :
Satan was pleased to see its force
And thus continued his discourse,
" If then you undertake this deed,
" Be well assured it must succeed,
" And while the secret means I tell,
" Remember my instructions well,
" Remote within the hallow'd ground,
" Which lofty sycamores surround,
" A valley lies between two hills,
" Encircled with the purest rills,
" Whose living waters gently run,
" And glister to the rising sun,
" 'Twas in this spot, this happy isle,
" That nature first began to smile,
" Here flowers a constant blossom wear,
" Their fragrance scents the ambient air,

"The trees an endless treasure bring,
"And flourish in eternal spring;
"And circling form an ample space,
"As if to give their sovereign place;
"Just in the midst a cedar stands,
"Whose spiry-top the vale commands,
"Its stem supports a mantling vine,
"Whose tendrils round the branches twine;
"Whose leaves delightful to be seen,
"Are variegated, gold and green;
"In clusters of deep purple dye,
"The fruit suspended from on high,
"Inviting tempts the wishful sight,
"And tasted yields supreme delight;
"This is the fruit, for God design'd,
"Forbidden to the human kind,
"And tho' reserv'd for him alone,
"To me yet are its virtues known,
"Its juices elevate the heart,
"And knowledge to the soul impart;
"This sacred fruit you must obtain,
"Your purpose then with ease you'll gain,
"Thither th' ensuing morn repair,
"But as you reach the grove beware,
"For seraphs, guardians of the ground,
"With flaming faulchions watch around,
"Admitting none within the place
"Save only those of human race;
"By Adam's order say you came,
"They *must* admit you in *his* name;
"Three clusters safely thence convey,
"And hither bend your speedy way;
"But now the close of day is near,
"You must at home with Eve appear,
"Be with her e'er she goes to rest,
"And keep the secret in your breast."

Instructed Vixen now returns,
And with a wild impatience burns;
Alternate passions seize her soul,
By turns they rage without controul;

She grasps in thought supreme command,
And rules the tyrant of the land,
Or now with love her bosom swells,
If love in such a bosom dwells;
Or by resentful fury led,
Breathes vengeance on her mistress' head,
Thus journeying with departing light,
She reach'd the happy bower by night.

Let me a moment here remain,
Some intricacies to explain;
Ere I mysterious tracks explore,
And tread the path ne'er trod before,
Let me distinguish right from wrong,
And tune to truth divine my song;
Mistaken scholars may dispute,
What kind was the forbidden fruit;
By arguments delusive wrought,
That was an apple some have thought;
Unlike it both in taste and shape,
It was no apple but a grape,
What apple with insipid juice,
Effects so wondrous could produce?
But for the grape, mankind allow,
In it superior virtues grow;
But now the fruit so well is known,
That here its powers need not be shewn.

Canto III.

The morning star with silver ray,
Announc'd the near approach of day,
Before the lark had rais'd her note,
Impatient Vixen left her grot,
She hasted to the hallow'd ground,
And from the guards admittance found;
When o'er the eastern hills the sun
Appearing had his race begun.
Joyful she saw the winding stream,
Her wishes now accomplish'd seem,
And having reach'd its sacred banks,
The serpent in her heart she thanks,

The stately trees she view'd amaz'd,
And on their luscious beauties gaz'd.
But mindful of the noble prize,
On that at least she fixed her eyes:
Clear was the air, the sky serene,
And not a moving leaf was seen,
No murmur echo'd from the hill,
Save scarce the trinkling of the rill,
Awful and grand the scene appear'd,
Had Vixen grace, she must have fear'd,
With impious sacrilegious hand,
Thus to rebel 'gainst heaven's command;
Onward she prest with dire intent,
Ambition, strength, and spirits lent,
And rushing with unbended knee,
She tore three clusters from the tree.
Red drops like blood the vine distill'd,
While dismal shrieks the forest fill'd,
The echoing hills return the moan,
And send an universal groan,
Astonish'd angels saw the deed,
And trembling left their charge and fled.

But soon as Vixen seiz'd her prey,
She to the serpent took her way,
She reach'd by noon his dark abode,
And of her guilt the prize she shew'd:
As when some heir, with debt oppress'd,
Who hates his father in his breast:
Glad tidings of his death receives,
Yet strives to hide the joys it gives;
The fiend thus with dissembling art,
Conceal'd the joy that fill'd his heart,
He seem'd alone for Vixen's sake,
Pleasure in her success to take,
And one so eager to excel,
In vice deserv'd this favor well,
But fiends insidious still employ
The wicked first, and then destroy.
The serpent said, Since thou hast brought,
Materials to secure our plot,

No difficulties now remain,
The road is easy, straight, and plain,
For lately as I search'd for food,
Within the verge of yonder wood,
Adam was turning up the soil,
And seem'd o'ercome with heat and toil;
This way I know he will repair,
And to attend him be your care,
Should he with thirst uncommon rage,
His thirst be ready to assuage,
But as within the space around,
No stream of water can be found,
He'll ask for berry, herb, or root,
Then give him the forbidden fruit;
Be Adam with two clusters serv'd,
The other for yourself reserv'd,
But hide the clusters in some tree,
That he may not th' imposture see,
Dissembling make it a pretence,
That there they grow, you pluck'd them thence;
No more he spoke without delay,
The snake malignant crept away.

Vixen had scarce the fruit conceal'd,
When Adam left the toilsome field,
Fatigu'd with toil, oppress'd with heat,
He wish'd to find some cool retreat,
He sought refreshment to obtain,
But ev'ry where he sought in vain,
On Vixen soon he cast his eyes,
And thus address'd her with surprize;
How could'st thou, Vixen, hither stray?
For woman 'tis a length of way,
If here by chance thy steps were bent
Or on thy mistress' errand sent,
Thou cam'st, thy timely aid I want,
For with unusual thirst I pant,
O bring me to some limpid stream,
Where shelter'd from the sultry gleam,
I can my raging thirst allay,
And bathe the heat and dust away;

Or if there is no water near,
As from my idle search I fear,
Bring me some berry, herb, or root,
Or of a grateful taste some fruit;
Then Adam with fatigue oppress'd,
Reclin'd his wearied limbs to rest.

Vixen replied in humble strain,
I've search'd, my Lord, but search'd in vain,
No crystal spring, no purling rill,
Is nearer than yon distant hill,
Of fruit there is an ample store,
For oft' I've ranged this place before
A tree appears within my view,
With berries of a purple hue,
Which yields a most delicious taste,
And oft have serv'd me for repast;
Soon shall I bring to thee, my lord,
What sure refreshment will afford,
She but retir'd, not to be seen,
Behind the thickets leafy screen.—
Here first suspence her breast assail'd
Here first she trembled lest she fail'd,
But vice determin'd soon took place,
Succeeding hopes her fears efface;
Then to confirm her wav'ring heart,
And vigor for the deed impart,
Abandoning herself to fate,
Of the three clusters one she ate;
Joy in her heart, fire in her eye,
To Adam boldly she drew nigh,
Receive she said, my lord, the fruit,
Which soon your spirits will recruit,
One bunch then tempting she upheld,
The poison twice his arm repell'd,
Twice as if warn'd by heaven, his hand
Would not obey its lord's command,
The third time now his fate complete,
He took it and began to eat;
Pleas'd with the taste, he cry'd, what tree
Yields such delicious fruit to thee?

Give me, ah, Vixen, give me more,
I never tasted such before ;
Gladly she gave the second snare,
And seem'd to tend with anxious care,
" My Lord," she said, " thus after toil,
" Recline not on the humid soil,
" Enter within this safe retreat
" Shelter'd alike from dews and heat,
" With well dry'd leaves and moss 'tis lin'd,
" And soft repose you there will find."

Adam intoxicated grown,
His senses in disorder thrown,
Thought Vixen Eve, the cave his bow'r,
And followed her in woeful hour.

What pass'd within the hideous cave,
Too dire an emblem of the grave,
'Twas written in the book of fate,
My fearful muse cannot relate,
But sure 'twas dreadful to disclose,
For then a dreadful tempest rose,
'Twas then that lightnings first appear'd,
That the tremendous peal was heard,
All nature of the crime partook,
And earth even to her centre shook.

(Cantos 4 and 5 in our next.)

THE HYPERCRITIC, No. VII.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

In our former strictures on the Critical Review we were influenced by the same regard to the interests of truth and learning that have guided our present examination of its merits as a literary journal. Mr. Mawman and his *friend,* however, have chosen to ascribe our censure to envy, and to characterize our observations as the

scurrilous offspring of personal malice. If this mode of evading the just severity of satire be once admitted, there is an end to that just and salutary freedom of remark that has so long been the only safeguard to the public from the depredations of the mercenary, or the obtrusion and extravagance of the foolish. Under the dreaded name of personal malignity the most wholesome chastisement that can be inflicted on the simple and the good, will be pursued by the reprobation of that community which it might have protected from the impertinence of pretenders, and the frauds of political or literary quackery. But if it were possible that we could condescend to dislike either Mr. Mawman or Mr. Frend, the charge of malignity and scurrility proceeds with a peculiar grace from the proprietor of the Critical Review, and the author of Peace and Union. We nead not remind our readers that the former of these works, from the time of Churchill to that of Gifford, and from the time of Gifford to the present day, has always been distinguished for the grossness of its falsehoods, and the virulence of its uncalled-for attacks on the persons and characters of literary individuals. But in temper and in decorum of manners, Mr. Mawman is a perfect Chesterfield when compared with Mr. Frend. The charge of scurrility could scarcely have been expected from an individual who was himself expelled from the University of Cambridge for a gross and shameless libel, who mounted the rostrum of the schools to insult a learned and venerable body, by describing them to their pupils as masters of arts without art; doctors without doctrine, &c. &c. and whose whole life has been passed in the composition of political articles written in *strong language* at least, if with but a moderate portion of eloquence or energy. If such a man has no personal right to complain of scurrility, still less can he become the object of envy to the lowest pioneer in the field of literature. Mr. Frend is accurately acquainted with the algebraic part of mathematical science, and has lately evinced a respectable knowledge of practical astro-

nomy. But there is in all his writings so many and such obtrusive instances of dogmatism and self-conceit; and all his researches are accompanied by such an obtrusive affectation of singularity, that even his real merits are effaced from the mind of the reader by the contemplation of his deformities. His vanity and affectation have rendered his progress in science puzzling to himself, and useless to others. He compiled an algebra, of which the rules were simple, and the solutions elegant. But unfortunately he was resolved to shew the mathematicians of Cambridge, that they were a body of noodles, and that he himself was a wonderful discoverer. The introductory matter therefore of his book, and all the subsequent operations, are clogged and interspersed with his self-created perplexities respecting the negative sign. Had he been right at last he might have deserved the praise of sagacity, whatever might have been thought of his temper or his judgment. But the difficulties that he found were of his own formation, and he rejected the negative sign, not because he saw further than others, but because he did not understand the notation that he attempted to correct. If we do envy Mr. Frend, therefore, we envy an expelled graduate of Cambridge, the writer of political squibs for the Universal Magazine and the Monthly Repository, the author of an imperfect introduction to algebra, and the editor of Evening Amusements; a writer, equally destitute of elegance and energy; remarkable chiefly for the quaintness and egotism in which even the knowledge that he does possess is enveloped; and better calculated to shine as a teacher of mathematics than to come forth to the world in the garb of a philosopher. If we envy this man, therefore, our notions of what is great, or desirable, or worthy of admiration, must resemble those that are entertained by the remaining readers of the Critical Review. How long they may continue to be satisfied with the joint lucubrations of Messrs. Fellowes, Friend, and Mawman it is not difficult to conjecture; and notwithstanding the antipathy of the latter gentleman to the

negative sign, the debtor and creditor account of the Critical Review may perhaps convince him before the close of the year, that it is possible for the quantity of a tradesman's profits to be LESS THAN NOTHING.

Since the publication of Mr. Mawman's celebrated Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland, he has been regarded by the critical world as a just object of alarm and curiosity. After having once appeared in the form of a goodly octavo, it might have been expected, according to the immemorial usage of authorship, that the next season would bring him once more before the public eye in all the dignity of imperial quarto; his virtual declaration that to have performed a journey was a sufficient reason for describing it, induced the good citizens to expect that a trip from the Poultry to Ludgate-hill, would shortly be delivered to the mercy of the critics, or for the benefit of the pastry-cooks, and the *unexampled example* of his brother in letters and in stationery, Mr. Prince, might have been expected to stimulate him to renewed exertions for the advantage of the world. His public re-appearance, however, has only been prevented by the importance and multiplicity of his anonymous occupations, and we think that the late numbers of the Critical Review afford decisive evidence of his interference in the management of that notorious publication. A man like Mr. Fellowes, of education, and of moderate talents, could not degrade himself by the composition of articles so destitute of grammar, learning, and good sense, as many of those which have found admission into the last two numbers of the Review: among the literary drudges who are always ready to provide materials for periodical publications, it would be difficult to find an individual to whom the task of writing in a style so execrable as that in which these articles are composed, would not be more difficult than to attain the eloquence of a Johnson; and the same impertinence of egotism, the same quaintness of phraseology, and the same inattention to the laws of grammar, that pervade the Excursion to the Highlands, are observable in the various

essays that are committed to the world under the title of the Critical Review.

The first half page of the last number contains the following elegant and philosophical paragraph:

"The motives of attachment and the principles of union between the despotism of France, and the free constitution of America seem *naturally*, as discordant and *unnatural* as those between the wolf and the lamb, or the hawk and the dove. What can the Americans, whose government is represented by this writer as excessively democratic, see either to admire or to approve in the *superlatively despotic* sway of Buonaparte? Does the strong liking of the Americans for the French arise by the rule of contraries from the extremity of their repugnance?"

The same inelegance of construction, combined with a peculiar instance of his antipathy to the reflective pronoun, occurs in the same article.

To answer the concluding question would puzzle, we believe, the united sagacity of the National Institute and the Congress.

"When this writer appears to censure the antifederalists for making politics a primary consideration, is he ignorant that when a man *devotes him* to a study so intricate and multifarious as that which embraces the domestic and foreign interests of a nation, he cannot obtain that proficiency in it which is necessary to enable him to benefit his country, unless he *devotes himself* to the pursuit with all his mind and all his heart."

The matter of the articles is as superficial and incoherent as their manner is inelegant and ungrammatical. They are mere collections of imperfect notes, badly arranged, and inaccurately compiled. The pages of the Critical Review are never enlivened by wit, or illumined by eloquence; they are the offspring of indolence, ignorance, and avarice; and accord in their internal composition with their external appearance. A production so miserable in itself, and so unsightly to the lovers of a neat type, and decent paper, cannot long survive, under any variety of form, or with the learned of any generation; and the fourth series will probably share the fate of its predecessors.

SIR WILFRED L——.

SIR,

As an observing and impartial censor, your observation is respectfully solicited to the depredations of a person calling himself Sir Wilfred L——n, Bart. and affecting to be the inheritor of the estates possessed by that respectable gentleman, in the county of Cumberland. He has for a considerable time been one of the most noted visitors at the receptacles of gambling in Albemarle-street, and has probably fleeced Lord K—— and his companions, in the course of six months of no less than 100,000l. He is now on the point of marriage with Miss P——ps–n, of Welbeck-street, and unless the present intimation contributes to the disappointment of his hopes, may become the profligate inmate of a wealthy and virtuous family.

It is now about sixteen years since I had *the honor* to accompany this adventurer to the East Indies. He had taken his passage in the steerage; but the apparent frankness of his manners, added to a talent for amusing conversation, rendered us glad of his company in the cabin ; and during our voyage he partook of all the comforts and festivities of his more fortunate fellow passengers. He told us that he was himself the younger brother of a respectable family in the county of Bedford, that his uncle had been some time in India, where he had amassed a fortune, and from whence he had sent for his family. Our fellow passenger was, according to his own account, the only survivor, and was now about to share the fortune as he hoped hereafter to inherit the possessions of Sir William Meredith. Among the passengers, a young and beautiful female, who had been sent by her friends to India in search of a husband, appeared to be particularly interested in his conversation. When we arrived at Bombay the company parted. We expressed, however, our hope that we should meet again at some future period, and mutually

interchanged our addresses. I went to my friends at ——, and devoted myself to the pursuits usually cultivated at that period by young men preparing for the duties of a military life.

About three weeks after I had taken up my residence at —— I was surprized by a visit from the young lady who had come out on a matrimonial expedition. She was clad in mean habiliments, and bore in her countenance the evident tokens of distress. She informed me that young Meredith had so strongly captivated her affections, that in spite of prudence and ambition, she had consented to become his companion at the port; that for some time he was passionately attentive, but that about seven days before her visit to me, he had disappeared, after having converted into money or clandestinely conveyed away, all the little articles of dress and ornament, with which she had been supplied by the kindness or the foresight of her friends. I compassionated the poor girl and promised to apply for redress to Sir William Meredith, his uncle. I performed my promise, and recited the young lady's wrongs. He received my account with tokens of evident astonishment, and assured me as soon as I finished, that he had not a nephew, that I must have been grossly imposed on, and that he would assist me to pursue and punish the criminal who had thus deceived me. I returned home and communicated the result to my fair supplicant, but she still retained so much affection for her seducer, that she implored me to prevent any vindictive proceedings on the part of Sir William, and the old gentleman yielded to my intreaties.

In India the same scrupulosity respecting the immaculate purity of the female character, is not observed as in England. The visitors at my house were unreservedly acquainted with the outlines of her situation; yet the attentions of a respectable gentleman became so marked, and so assiduous, that I was induced to demand an explanation, and on being assured that his designs were honorable, I

persuaded her to remain in India, and took upon myself the management of the matrimonial contract. She was shortly afterwards married to the worthy gentleman, and is now the wife of a nabob, and one of the most dashing ladies in the city.

On my return from India, I hastened to pay a visit to my native town (Rochester), and of course felt some degree of curiosity respecting the companions of my youth, and the strangers who had succeeded to the aged friends of my youthful life. Of the answers that I obtained, some were pleasing, and some were melancholy. All the gossips of the place, however, agreed that the town had been much improved by the accession of a companionable person. He had figured away as the nephew of Sir Gilbert Stuart, had been admitted to the best society in the neighbourhood, and was about to marry the daughter of Mr. M. the mayor. I felt, of course, some degree of curiosity to see the individual so highly spoken of. It was agreed, therefore, that I should be introduced to Mr. S— at the next assembly. You may conceive my surprize on the first salutation at discovering in Mr. S— the identical Meredith who had accompanied us on our passage to India. I gave him a significant nod, and he left the room in haste. After he was gone I related the history of our voyage, and of the pretended Meredith's wickedness, to the company. Miss M. however, his intended bride, was too much blinded by love, to be easily convinced of his unworthiness; nor was it till the lapse of some days, and the discovery that he had hastily departed on the evening of detection, that I received the thanks of the family for so timely an interruption of his plans.

Five years have now elapsed since his disappearance from Rochester, and in the tranquillity of domestic life, all remembrance of this adventurer had been effaced from my mind. In the course of last month business called me to town, and accident led me to apartments in the neighbourhood of Blenheim-street, Bond-street. I had been

resident there about a week, when lounging one morning at my window my attention was attracted by a splendid equipage, from the box of which alighted a lady and a *gentleman.* Notwithstanding the change in his dress and manners, for he was attired in the uniform of a complete Bang-up, I immediately recognized the self-same adventurer, who, beneath the names of Meredith and of Stuart, had already found reason to fear and to avoid me. Suspecting that in his newly assumed character, he was once more imposing on the credulity of the weak and the unguarded, I took the liberty of inquiring at the livery stables his name and character. They informed me that he went under the name of Sir Wilfred L———n, Bart. that he had large estates in Cumberland, and that he was now one of the most noted whips and gamblers between Salt-hill and Albemarle-street. On receiving the information, I thought it my duty as an honest man, and as a friend of the late Sir Wilfred, and to his family to lodge an information against this pretender in the proper quarter. But whether he had received some information of my design, or had already accomplished his purposes, the officers found on proceeding to his house, that it was already deserted, and that he had either left the metropolis altogether, or is secreted in some obscure corner of the town, where he may lay *perdu* till the commencement of the approaching season.

He is in height about six feet two inches, with black hair and eyes, an aquiline nose, a scar on his left cheek, not occasioned by the stroke of an Indian sabre, as he asserts, but by an accidental blow from a handspike. His manners are those of a half-bred traveller, his conversation pleasant and sprightly, but interspersed with all the varieties of cockney pronunciation and phraseology.

Albany, Aug. 26th, 1812. T. W.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Sir,

The proprietors of Drury Lane having solicited by advertisements the competition of the poetical world, for the honor of an address to be delivered at the opening of the theatre, it becomes an object of equal interest to the candidates and the public to ascertain what pledges the proprietors are disposed to give, at the outset of their career for the beneficial execution of their office. After the inroads that have been made on the province of the legitimate drama, by equestrian performers, and by the clowns and harlequins of pantomine, there is too much reason to fear that dramatic taste may be entirely banished, and dramatic excellence totally obscured, by the same trespasses on common sense and decency at one house, that have marked the exhibitions at the other. If from a mistaken expectation of unusual gain, the managers of Drury Lane, like those of Covent Garden, be induced to convert their stage into a stable, and to substitute equinine for human performers, there will remain no foundation of hope to those admirers of Shakespere and of Congreve, who consoled themselves during the temporary rage for splendor and spectacle, with the expectation that the re-opening of Drury, would be the signal of return to reason and to nature. Yet without a *positive assurance* that horses shall not pollute their boards, and that the presentation of pantomimes shall be confined to the holidays, the public must be satisfied that the conduct of the Drury Lane managers will accelerate rather than retard, our arrival at the last point of dramatic degeneracy. Wit and pathos are seldom to be found among those whom the proprietors of a theatre are the most anxious to oblige: the plays of Shakespeare seldom give room for the personal display of a *mistress*, or a protegee, and if therefore the proprietors of Drury

be like their rivals or predecessors, secret mines and Arabian coursers, and captive queens, will usurp the place of truth and nature.

I am the more forcibly induced to hazard these observations, as it is asserted, even by the friends of the theatre, that a great part of the construction of the stage, and of the machinery, is adapted to equestrian and pantomimical performances, and that Mr. Arnold is engaged to draw up the outline of a spectacle in which horses and oxen are to be the most conspicuous performers.

As for the competitors who may be deluded by the apparent candour of the advertisement, the composition of an address will be to them a pleasing exercise, and may be a source of amusement to the managers. To expect any thing uncommon from this mode of criticism, would be absurd. A man of genius or reputation would disdain to enter the lists with a multitude of anonymous adversaries in the hopes of obtaining the critical approbation of the manager of a theatre. The only individuals likely to contend for the approbation of the dramatic judges, are attorney's clerks, who mistake the itch of scribbling for inspiration; unsuccessful poets, who curse the blindness and stupidity of the age, and trust for immortality to the suffrage of Mr. Arnold; and unfledged Blue-coat boys, who with the assistance of the rhyming dictionary, are tolerably expert at the composition of namby-pamby verse. The Twisses and the Daniels may indite their couplets, and transmit them "sealed up with a motto on the back, to the proprietors of Drury; but the Scotts and Campbells will submit their writings to other judges than the managers of a playhouse, and have no occasion to resort to the subterfuges of anonymous pretension.

Nor if the "first poets of the age," who are expected to come forward on this occasion, were so far to forget themselves, or so far to gratify the managers, as to transmit their compositions to the proprietors of Drury, is there any probability that they would obtain the palm of pre-

eminence over the common versifiers of the day. How can the friends of Reynolds, and the admirers of Morton, have any relish for the beauties of genuine poetry, or distinguish between the frigid eloquence of a Skeffington, and the enthusiastic exuberance of a Southey? Accustomed to the turgid language and confused and incongruous imagery of a Dimond or an Eyre, they would regard the simplicity of an Opie as downright silliness, and mistake the effusions of a Wilson for the ravings of lunacy. The successful candidate will no doubt be some theatrical amateur, who to an intimate acquaintance with theatrical slang, and some dexterity in punning, unites a decent acquaintance with the common-places of poetry, and who by a prominent introduction of the phœnix, and the appropriate employment of the rhymes pyre, fire, expire, &c. may delight the witling as much as he disgusts the critic. That the experiment will not be productive of gratification to the public, I am convinced, and those only who have paid no attention to theatrical history, can believe that it affords any decisive evidence of reformation on the part of the managers. Previous to the last two seasons of Covent-garden management, the proprietors of that theatre were as loud in the expression of their homage to the legitimate dramas, and of Shakespeare, as the proprietors of Drury-lane are anxious, at present, to convince us of their determination, to be influenced hereafter, by the merit of every production presented for their acceptance, independent of the quarter from which it comes. That such *may be* their line of conduct is possible, that it will be so it remains for the ensuing season to prove. Yours, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

HENRY HUNT, ESQ. CANDIDATE FOR BRISTOL,

VERSUS

HENRY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

Editor of the Examiner! Author of Juvenilia!! &c. &c. &c.

To CORRECT popular error is assuredly at all times a fair plea, when self is concerned, to write in the *first* person, and a man may be justified in vaunting his *superior* pretensions! in speaking in good round terms of his *acknowledged* abilities!! in writing in thundering praise of his *public* and *private* virtues!!! without being accused of *immoderate* vanity, or being liable to the appellation of *counsellor Ego!* when by an unfortunate coincidence of names—he's mistaken for a mere pretender! a mere mushroom!! and a tool of party!!!

"Party is the madness of many for the gain of few." Swift. Vide Motto to the Examiner.

These are the circumstances, these are the reasons which have impelled Henry Leigh Hunt, Esq. of the Examiner, to declare in his paper of the 19th of July, that he is "not the Henry Hunt, Esq. late candidate for Bristol." And lest that paper of the 19th of July should not have reached some quarters where the prejudice may possibly still be retained—WE, the SCOURGE, come forward to aver, that the editor of the *Examiner*, "who would reform the nation, and thinks himself qualified to speak ill of profligate princes," is not the "Henry Hunt, Esq. late candidate for Bristol." And now the question naturally comes to—who is this noisy, coarse, tumultuous candidate, this Hunt? for whom the author of Juvenilia dreads being mistaken? this wild, besotted, unruly reformist? for whom the editor of the Examiner shakes, in his fashionable jacket, like a jelly in a bag, at the bare apprehension of being confounded with him, and thus losing the security of his "good name." Why, he is neither more nor less

than a country gentleman, of very independent fortune, whose manners have not derived the high polish of a court, but retain something of that old English bluntness and honesty, which obtained for us the good old laws under which we live, those laws of the pristine purity, of which the editor of the Examiner joins in the outcry, and which the before-mentioned gentleman is anxious to hand down to posterity undeformed, as they were framed by his patriot ancestors, a gentleman of independent principles, similar to those which the Whigs professed and practised at the time of that memorable revolution, memorable to Englishmen as an epoch when the throne was first filled by a patriot king, called to the exercise of the regal functions by the voice of a long harassed, a sore afflicted people—and glorious principles they were—and glorious times too—emanated from their association. According to modern opinion Mr. Hunt's manners may be a little rusted, a little out of date or so—but it is a good date, of which they are a copy, and it would be happy for the country if they came again into fashion. Mr. Hunt's endeavours were to rescue the city of Bristol from vassalage, to restore the freedom of election, to put an end to the traffic of men in that quarter, where voters are sold like oxen, at a regular market price, which vary according to the number of bidders. These were the motives which drew Mr. Hunt from his fire-side, and as they were noble, so they ought to be justly appreciated—and this is the man for whom the editor of the Examiner is so indignant at the idea of being mistaken!

Mr. Leigh Hunt is certainly a very amusing writer, never pithy but always playful, and his Examiner may be read without exciting any thing but ennui, and a smile sometimes; indeed, he is so much in the habit of being droll, that we cannot help suspecting that he's playing us another little monkey trick, when he tells us formally, that he's not—"Henry Hunt, esq. late candidate for Bristol"—indeed, we have come to a shrewd guess as to the purport of this denial; it was—we'll out with it—it was

by way of prelude to a short history of the name of Hunt; to tell us, in all probability, he is descended from a Dr. Joseph Hunt, formerly an Arabic professor, and whose name " glimmered into notice" from the taper light of an expiring rush placed in his " study window." And to give us a few familiar jocular comparisons. After regretting that his name is Hunt—" trite Hunt"—he says " had *our*" he must mean *his* by the by, for he cannot mean to include the candidate, but to proceed—" had our name been Grandison or Plantagenet, the very sound might have induced people to enquire into the pretension of its owners—Burke or Junius would have hampered us with comparisons, and Marvel, Hampden, or Sydney would have left us no chance for repute without an opportunity of *refusing* some dozen of bribes, or of dying thrice over for our country." Opportunities which Mr. Leigh Hunt has no relish for accepting, because he does not like " to render himself ridiculous," and is anxious to do nothing " to injure the cause of reform"—sagaciously argued and prudently resolved! after mentioning his namesake, the old Arabic professor, with his glimmering light and study window—he becomes fanciful and pleasing in the highest—He says, " really there is no knowing to what a name may come, for the greatest have had their reverses"—thus " Hector, who was not only one of the bravest but the very politest men of his time, who was always as good as his word, and who is represented by Homer with singular delicacy of sentiment, as the only Trojan who had never spoke *rudely* of Helen, has now become a *bully*! Alexander is a great Russian boy, who plays at soldiers and delights in tight regimentals, and Plato is his archbishop at Moscow"—ha! ha! ha! " Help us benevolent compositors, to some mark or other, some significant and comprehensive index—that shall denote a laugh of an hour's duration"—Ha! ha! ha! a rich joke, full of fancy, full of whim, and the merriest conceit.

" Hold your sides, Ulster men,
Nor laugh till they crack again."

A sharp cut and thrust at poor Alexander, but next comes Julius Cæsar, who was a "doctor of laws in the time of King James," and worse than all, a *christener* of puppies: by the by Mr. Examiner did not tell us in what faith they were christened whether in the catholic or protestant---but it is enough---they were christened. "Shakespeare was taken up during the O. P. disturbance for encouraging the riot." Poor Shakespeare could not be heard---" and unless our memory fails us, we detected Homer the other day walking about with his pen and ink in the odious capacity of a tax-gatherer." We can follow Mr. Hunt no further in the vivacity of his invention for reasons sufficiently obvious to him---want of room and the press of more important matter. We have before said that he is a very amusing writer, and we can have no doubt that when he came forward to declare he was not the Henry Hunt, Esq. &c. he did it for the purpose of fabricating a little vehicle for Sunday wit, which was to amuse his readers in the absence of a weekly philippic against the Regent, against Cobbett, or some other target in the habit of receiving his innocent discharge of quills. He never could have been mistaken for the candidate for Bristol; the following question never could have been put except by the ignorant plough-boy, who had heard the name of Hunt, and knew no more. "Pray tell me, is, or is not this Mr. Hunt, who is disgusting every body, the editor of the Examiner?" Oh, no, Mr. Egotist, this is really going too far—too far to be credited—you may have been building castles in the air—and dreaming of elections and what not---your fancy might have pictured to you how charming the name of Hunt—trite Hunt---would appear at the head of the pole—but be assured no one else dreamt of a thing of the kind, do not swell yourself into so much importance, Sir, and your appearance will be more becoming—if you grin through a horse collar you must expect to be laughed at.

Your origin, to say nothing prejudicial to its respectability, is too closely before the public to admit the

doubt which you yourself have raised—your funds, which by the industrious exercise of your pen, may be tolerably easy, are very far from affluent; and do not deceive yourself, the world knows this, and while they give you credit for the possession of a tolerable talent, by no means estimate you in the scale with those with whom your vanity has led you to believe you rank. Your pen is at times tolerably nervous, mostly declamatory, but never deep or sound in argument; it is always on the surface of a question, never probing it; it may do very well, but there is little to be gained from it; it promises no qualification for an M. P. and he must be a short-sighted mortal indeed, of less than ordinary capacity, who knowing one tittle of you ten years ago, could possibly mistake you for the late candidate for Bristol. If ever the question were put, you should have summoned up resolution, and knocked the enquirer down; he was practising upon your notorious vanity, and laughing in his sleeve at the avidity with which you caught his bait.

FORUM PATRIOTS.

Sir,

Though you have evinced on every occasion your earnestness in the cause of freedom, and your enthusiasm in support of the great question of reform, I am sure that you have too much discrimination not to be equally afflicted and disgusted at the overweening arrogance, the inveterate detestation of all that is great and virtuous and venerable, and the low and gross scurrility of language, by which the conduct of many individuals, who care nothing for reform but as it conduces to their personal interest, are characterised. If the cant of the antijacobins be sometimes disgusting, the egotism, the

violence, and the indecency of the pretended advocates of reform are frequently detestable. Who can read without a mingled feeling of pity and indignation the essays of Cobbett on what he is pleased to designate by the title of "Talavera's Wars," or listen to the vulgar ribaldry of Gale Jones, without losing for a moment our attachment to the cause, in our contempt or detestation of its ostensible partizans?

The true motives of action by which too many of the literary advocates of reform are influenced, has been fully exemplified in the squabbles and dissentions consequent upon Mr. Cobbett's dinner. Mr. White, the editor of the Independent Whig, after a long continuance of apparent friendship towards the author of the Political Register, and after permitting his name to be inserted in the list of stewards, has suddenly become the most inveterate of Cobbett's adversaries, and now amuses his readers with a weekly comment on the object of his former admiration. To this change of sentiment he has been evidently excited by a mingled feeling of envy and disappointment. He is angry that a dinner should have been given to the author of the Political Register, when the editor of the Independent Whig was suffered to unclose his prison doors without any public testimony of applause or sympathy. He deserts his cause, that he may gratify his personal feelings, and is almost disposed to quarrel with his former idol, Sir Francis Burdett, because he presided at the late festivities.

The people of England, with all their good sense, are the easy dupes of any man who is willing to vituperate the higher classes of society, or who would write or speak with volubility on the pressure of taxes, the prevalence of corruption, and the rights of man. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a multitude of ignorant and low-born individuals should be ready to take advantage of their credulity, and to convert the popular sentiment into the instrument of their private purposes. Men who have no other profession, and whose talents and acquisitions are confined

to the repetition of the common places of patriotism, willingly adopt so easy a mode of obtaining subsistence and celebrity. Apothecaries without practice, and runaway printer's devils, become the speaking and the scribbling organs of the popular opinion, and the cause of reform is lost through the violence and unworthiness of its advocates.

As the best exemplification, however, of the dangers to be apprehended from the unavoidable interference of such characters in the cause of reform, permit me to trace the progress of a democratic orator from the shopboard to the Forum. We will suppose him to be the son of an honest Irish labourer at Ballyporeen, or any other uncultivated part of Ireland. Let it be admitted that he is born in a cabin, and that as soon as he is able to run about, his parents send him bare-headed and bare-footed to Father O'Donaghan, the school-master of the bog, who for a weekly twopence, undertakes to *tache* him his A. B. C.; under whose auspices, he becomes, in two or three years, a complete master of the "*Rading* made *Aisy*." At the age of nine years, he is sent off to Dublin, and apprenticed to a taylor or scene-shifter; but he is too idle for the shopboard or the ladder, and too "*cute*" a fellow to obey the commands of a master. In the course of his apprenticeship, he falls in with a company of dissipated Irish boys, as idle as himself, who meet in the spare room of some dirty ale-house to talk politics, drink whiskey, and play at cribbage. Here he is distinguished above his fellows for the vehemence of his enthusiasm, in the "*swate* cause of liberty," for his hatred towards tyrants and the lord-lieutenant, for his profound knowledge of the English constitution, for the loudness of his voice, the rapidity of his oaths, the steadiness of his countenance, and the vehemence of his gesture. In the mean time, however, his business is neglected; his master is enraged, and takes him before a magistrate, who sends him to Bridewell for a month, and recommends the master to give up his indentures. Released at once from his

servitude and his confinement, he obtains employment through the interest of his pothouse companions, as the door-keeper of a debating-room. In a little time he is exalted to the office of treasurer, and is at last admitted to a share of the concern. He now blazes forth in all the splendour of forum oratory; he is hailed as a second Curran by the friends of liberty, alias all the drunkards, discarded clerks, and half-educated aspirants after fame, in the city of Dublin, and eloquence and whiskey acknowledge him for their own.

But talents so transcendant are not to be dissipated in unproductive exertion. England is the seat of legislation, and to England, therefore, must the modern Demosthenes repair. When arrived, he looks about for some one of his quondam associates, by whose interest he may obtain a situation as reporter or letter-writer to some disreputable journal. If he obtains the last of these engagements he figures away for a guinea a week, as an Aristides or a Phocion, and his labours of the Saturday supply him with the means of attendance at the debating societies and political clubs, during the remainder of the week. Gifted with unblushing hardihood, and versed in the common-places of democratic eloquence, he astonishes his auditors, and confounds his rivals. An election takes place for Westminster. His strength of lungs, and vehemence of action, recommend him to the notice of the popular candidate, as a person well calculated to inflame the multitude. He now displays his dexterity in exciting the turbulence of the people, and exasperating the love of freedom into sedition. His name *is up*. Flushed with success he writes a pamphlet, the Attorney General files an *ex-officio*, the orator is condemned to a year's imprisonment. Subscriptions pour in on all sides, and at the end of his confinement he reappears, thanks to the persecution of the ministers, some hundred pounds richer than he was, with the reputation of a martyr, and with tenfold power and tenfold inclination to inflame the mob, and insult the government.

It is by men like these that the Statesman, the Independent Whig, and other journals equally destitute of eloquence, decency, and common sense, and recommended only by their interested support of a cause, which their exertions tend only to injure and degrade in the estimation of the respectable portion of the community, are established or conducted. Men of sense are disgusted by their impotent and common-place scurrility, while the vulgar, instead of imbibing from their writings a love of rational and genuine freedom, are inflamed into discontent, or exasperated to despair. The circulation of such journals can only be owing to the indolence of the enlightened advocates of the cause. It may reasonably be presumed that truth and eloquence would make their way, when brought into competition with dulness, falsehood, and scurrility. The journeymen politicians would soon be driven from the field, by the appearance of the regular and respectable advocates of the cause, and zeal for reform would no longer be confounded with a proneness for malignant ribaldry. Whether the paper called the *Hampden*, established by the Hampden club, and intended as a rival to the Statesman, is to be conducted by the members themselves, or by a common scribbler, I have not been informed: should the former be the case, it will be a just object of congratulation to every *genuine* and *rational* patriot.

W. X.

VACCINATION.

Sir,

It is with pain that I have observed the devotion of your valuable publication to the purposes of a medical party, whose machinations have been as frequently exposed, as their assertions have been decisively refuted. Your caricature of the vaccine institution has excited the regret of every individual, who had hitherto felt an interest in your work, as the vehicle of important truths, or popular information, expressed in language at once forcible and elegant: and in the members of the medical profession, this regret was the more ardent and sincere, as your repeated attacks on the fraternity of quacks, and your exposition of their arts, had obtained the thanks, and commanded the respect, of the regular members of the profession.

Confident as I am that the article, explanatory of the caricature, must have been inserted in a moment of inadvertence, it will be useless to remind you that the assertions of your correspondents respecting the inefficacy of the cow pock, and its morbid or pestiferous influence on the human body, have been as often refuted as they have been advanced. The number of instances in which it has been asserted that the preventative was inefficacious, is so trifling that had they proved to be authentic, they would scarcely have affected the question at issue. But it has been found, on enquiry, that many of the supposed cases of failure, arose from the inexpertness necessarily attending the first attempts at performing a surgical operation, from the want of due regard to those precautions respecting the collection and preservation of the matter which experience has shewn to be necessary, and from other causes totally unconnected with the efficacy or inefficacy of the preventative when properly applied.

As to the supposed cases of monstrosity and disease, that have been adduced by the opponents of vaccination, I am prepared to prove whenever you are ready to afford me a few additional pages of your work, that they have originated in falsehood, that in almost every instance, the statements of our adversaries have been found to be utterly erroneous, that after we had detected their misrepresentations, and mistakes, they refused to retract or correct them, and that they have not been able to bring forward a single authenticated instance of disease and deformity proceeding from vaccination.

All this has been proved and re-proved, times without number, and the extremities to which our opponents are reduced, was strikingly exemplified, when compelled to take refuge in the assertion, that the efficacy of the cow pock as a preventative was only temporary. Since this assertion was made, some years have elapsed, more than ten thousand vaccinated individuals have been exposed to the contagion of the small pox, and what is the result? Not one authenticated instance has been produced of their having taken the infection, though amidst such a number had ten or twenty really been afflicted with the small pox, what argument would such exceptions, arising, (if they had arisen) from peculiarities of situation or constitution, have afforded against the general utility of the practice?

But even admitting that in a few instances, persons who have been vaccinated, have been seized with the small pox, even our opponents do not pretend to bring forward any fatal example of this kind; and if the cow pox therefore were of use only inasmuch as it prevented the small pox from terminating fatally, it would be of incalculable benefit to the British nation, and to mankind.

PARACELSUS.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

> Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
> Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes.*

HAYMARKET.—The great excellence of Matthews, in the character of Somno, in the Sleep Walker, has afforded such entertainment to the town, that while we have to record but few varieties, at this theatre, since our last, we must admit, that according to the general taste, which we can only fairly collect from the nightly overflowings, variety has not been necessary. We are not of that cynic race, who loudly condemn "the broad horse-laugh." We often regret to see sterling sense sacrificed for the grinning pantomimical puppetism of the modern stage; but while propriety is not displaced by immorality, we shall content ourselves with regretting, not deploring, the dearth of dramatic genius.

The proprietors have evinced a good judgment, and sound discrimination, in calling to their aid such talents as those possessed by a Munden, a Terry, and a Grant, in addition to their other performers; the acquisition has enabled them to bring forward several judicious pieces, great favourites of the town, and they have seldom experienced a more prosperous season than the present; but we cannot help expressing ourselves in rather warm terms against those disgraceful party feelings and animosities which subsist between Messrs. Colman, Winston, and Morris, and which have, and still continue to render all the advantages of theatrical talent and public patronage as unproductive to themselves.

In Mr. Terry we discover an actor for whom nature has done very little, but art much—nature has by no means qualified him for the stage, whether considering his figure, or those harsh unbending features which sel-

dom or ever convey what he so powerfully feels, and expresses in the performance of his part. The variety of character he assumes, shews great powers, but less judgment; he would certainly be seen to greater advantage did he limit his dramatic range, and only take in such characters as he feels himself most at ease in personating. We pronounce his Job Thornberry, in John Bull, a fine piece of acting; nothing inferior to Fawcett, in any one delineation, and superior in many; it is in many parts masterly. His Haswell, in "Such Things are," possesses an interest great as any actor we have seen has been capable of imparting to it. Saying so much for these two characters, differing so materially from Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer, Leon, Megrim, Robert, Gradus, &c. &c, it will be expected that we shall be more qualified in our approbation of the latter. It is so: but we repeat that so great is his versatility, that he never fails to please, if not to astonish; and we most strenuously recommend him to limit his appearances before an indulgent audience, unless in the representation of something of the same line of character or passions, of which he is fully the master.

The only new piece we have to notice is a play, brought forward on Saturday the 15th, acknowledged to be taken from Dr. Moore's novel of Zeluco, and called "Look at Home;" but what analogy the name bears to the play, it has puzzled our enquiries, and baffled all our study to ascertain. The scene is in Naples, where a Count Salerno, or rather Zeluco, (Mr. Terry,) is jealous of his wife, Julia, (Mrs. Glover,) and upon which, together with the artifices of an abandoned mistress, Cosenza, (Mrs. Williams,) the whole fabric of the drama rears itself without any other support: Jealousy had been so often and so ably pictured on the stage, that unless the author had some new and interesting feature of that passion to point out, some new scenes to develope it in, he could have no colourable title to success: that was not the case; he had nothing new to exhibit. From Zeluco is the whole of this drama taken; every character, even the language,

where it could be made use of! and the author, or rather the adapter, can claim no higher consideration than as an adapter; and if he is thus limited, we fear his bays will not avail him much, for so miserably has he made use of his time, and mangled the novel, that if Dr. Moore lived, he would have no recollection of this changeling.

Terry was too formal in the Count: we have a high opinion of his own discrimination, and cannot applaud his imitation of Kemble: we by no means wish to derogate from the latter, we merely mean, that servile imitation is not the way to fame. Grant was highly applauded in the character of a Scottish author. And Matthews, in Count La Tour, was every thing that could amuse. None of the other characters branched out of the usual insipidity.

ENGLISH OPERA LYCEUM.—"The Highgate Tunnel" at his theatre, has at length given precedence to the magical wand of Harlequin in a summer pantomime! produced under the very interesting and instructive title of JACK AND JILL, or the *Clown's Disasters*! from that *beautiful* and *pathetic* nursery ballad,

"Jack and Jill,
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water!
Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after!!!"

All the expectation which these lines excited, was not outstripped by the performance in question—from nothing, nothing could be expected, and nothing was derived by those who witnessed its representation, not even a smile. Kirby as the clown, and the pantaloon, had their usual share of kicks and thumps, and warm work they had of it, season and all together! The scenery is mean, the tricks and changes hackneyed, and clumsily done; in short, as good a pantomime may be seen for *sixpence*, at Scowton or Richardson's *travelling* theatres, at any of the fairs round the metropolis!

Aug. 21. *The* PRIVATEER, a comic opera. We look to Mr. Elliston for a great deal of the injury that has been recently done to the legitimate drama: it has been the fashion at his theatre to convert sterling pieces into burlettas, thus frittering down the wit of a Farquhar, &c. &c. to time and measure. It was not enough that the old poets of the drama should be thus mangled in Surry, but Messrs. T. Sheridan and Arnold, must adopt the precedent, and convert some good old comedies into operas, to adapt them to their licence at the Lyceum! Thus, in the course of time we may see the genius of Shakespeare served up to us in a new dress of jingling verse—King Lear as an operatic farce! King John ditto! Macbeth, Hamlet, and Richard the Third, comic operas!!! and Cardinal Wolsey and Harry the Eighth may, in all probability, be brought to hop about the stage, to the tune of "hey down, oh down, derry derry, down down"!!!

The Privateer is founded on, and altered from Cumberland's "Brothers," which was one of that author's feeblest comedies: as an opera the "Privateer" is far below the standard of criticism. The actors, to speak generally, did every thing to give effect to their respective parts, and to their exertions alone, does this piece, like many others, owe its existence.

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AN EXCURSION TO R———— HALL.

G. Cruikshank Sculp.